

THE FAMOUS
HISTORY
OF
GUY Earle of WARWICK.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL ROWLAND.



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TO THE
R I G H T H O N O R A B L E
Philip Earl of Mountgomery, Lord Her-
bert of Sherland, and of the most Noble Order of the
Garter, Knight.

Right worthily Ennobled, and
truly Honourable **L O R D!**
vouchsafe of your generous
courtesie, (to which all men yield a
general applaud) to accept this slight
and weak Poem derived from a strong
and mighty Subject (to wit) great
GUY OF W ARWICK, (our famous
Country-man) whose valor hath bin
the VVorlds wonder, and his admi-
rable acts of Chivalry, terrors and

A 2 daunting

The Epistle Dedicatory.

daunting fears of all the opposites of
himself and this Kingdom. The neg-
lecting of whose worthy memory,
hath induced my more willing than
able Muse, to revive the deeds of this
dust-consumed Champion, upon
whose Honorable Combate, King
Athelstone ventur'd the whole Realm
of *England*. Disdain not therefore
(most worthfull and precious spirit)
in the true affability of your esteemed
virtues, to vouchsafe the view of
these Artleffe Lines, which in the si-
lence of greater sufficiencies, speak on-
ly to keep Valour from Oblivions
destruction.

Most humbly devoted to

your Honours Virtues,

SAMUEL ROWLAND

TO



To the Noble English Nation.

R ENOWNED ENGLISH ! whom our Lines invite,
To view the Acts of Warwicks worthy Knight;
Whose deeds of old, writ with an antient Pen,
Have now out-worn the memories of men.
Most strange in this same Poet-plenty-age,
When Epigrams and Satyrs biting, rage :
Where Paper is employed every day,
To carry i' erse about the Town for pay :
That Stories should intomb'd with VVorthies lye,
And Fame, through age extinct, obscurely dye.
Deign to accept what Recreations hours
Have spent upon this Countrey-man of ours :
It seems too far unkind, that in these dayes,
VVe toyl so much in other Nations praise,
That we neglect the famousing of our own,
VVhich over-matchfull unto them were known.
ENGLAND hath bred such men of Valour try'd,
Could match all Kingdoms in the world beside.
Take here a view of Knighthoods antient face,
His bruised Armour, and his bloody Case :
His broken Lanne, gapt Faulchion, batter'd Shield,
His valiant Combates with his Foes in Field :
The wounds and scars insculp'd upon his Flesh,
His mortal fights renew'd each day afresh,
His reasons that did animate to Arms,
His freeing tender Ladies from their harms ;
His backed Target, and his splinter'd Spear,
His killing Serpents, savage Boar, and Bear.
Then look on some, in ages since beknighted,
VVho never were with martial deeds delighted :

The Epistle.

That are no kin to them which went of old
In Iron Armour, these are Knights in Gold :
And you shall see that one doth wear the Name,
When th' others actions merits for the same.
The same for merit was renowned GUY,
A Champion that his fame with blood did buy,
And never held his life in Coward fear,
But ventur'd it at point of sword and spear :
He was a Prodigal of life and limb,
And had all welcome, came to fight with him :
Were it a Giant like to Gogmagog,
Or Cerberus that Triple-headed Dog,
Or he that often did Olympus climb,
And as the onely Club-man of his time,
Great Hercules, if he had breath'd on ground,
VVhen English Guy of Warwick liv'd renown'd ;
There would have been a Combate 'twixt them two,
To try what proud Alcides force could do :
Or Hector, whose applaud the VVorld doth know,
Or fierce Achilles fearfull to his For.
Had all these liv'd together in an age,
They had been Combatants, the Earth their Stage.
Kind English yield unto your Country-man
As gentle entertainment as you can :
Though he lye quiet now transform'd to dust,
Sleeping in death as other Mortals must :
Wish your life giving breath, revive his Fame,
That hath deseru'd an honourable Name.
And having view'd his actions, wish with me
That all the Knights we have were such as he.

S. R.

To



To the Honourable LADIES of ENGLAND.

Ladies, in elder times your sex did need
Knight-hoods true valour to defend your rights,
O admirable actions we do read,
Have been atchiev'd in cruel bloody fights :
Full ugly Serpents were destroy'd and slain,
Strange Monsters mangled, Gyants hew'd in twain.

But who deserv'd more in such enterprize
Than worthy English, bred where we are born ?
Such as did ease and idleness despise :
For Armour more by them than silk was worn :
These were the Champions, that for Ladies good
Would bleed as long as they had drops of blood.

Such as Sir GUY, whose story here we tell,
Valours renowned honourable man.
He lov'd your kind, (in heart exceeding well,) .
How can you chuse but love his Legand shan't
Beflow the reading of it, if you please,
'Gainst melancholly, that same dull disease.

Samuel Rowland.

THE

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The Argument.

GUY of Warwick (Son to Earle ROHANDS
Steward) in blooming youth of Natures spring,
fell in love with the Earles fair Daughter Phelice,
whose disdaining of him, in that he was but a mean-
Gentleman, and not by birth answerable to her honourable
Estate, did afflict his tormented minde with most distressed
passions, till in a vision Cupid presents her with the Picture
of Mars, enjoys her to love Guy, as the admired Champion of
christendom: Upon this she yieldeth affection, on condition of
Adventures, which to atchieve, he departs into France, and
shortly returns with Trophies of Victory, and Prizes of Honour;
But Phelice not satisfied therewith, he leaves England again,
performing in foreign Countries wonderfull Actes: Then return-
ing, marries his Love, whom after forty dayes he leaves, depart-
ing on Pilgrymage to the Holy-land, effecting in that journey ma-
ny strange things: then supposed to be dead, comes back disguised
and out-worn to memory, and fights a Combate for Athelstone,
killed Colbrond the Gyant of Denmark, freeing thereby the
Kingdom from Invasion. After that lives obscurely in a Cave,
and comes for Almes to his own Castle, not revealing himself till
the hour of his death, and then he sent his Lady a Ring, by which
taken she knew her husband, and came most wofully to close up his
eyes; dying herself shortly after him, for very grief and extreame
sorrow.

THE

THE
FAMOUS HISTORY
Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

In Natures green unmellowed years
Cupid tormenteth Guy;
Inthrals his heart to *Phelise* love,
by object of the eye.

CANTO I.

VVhen dreadful *Mars* in Armour everyday
Lov'd stately *Juno* and *Bellona* best,
Before he knew the Court where *Venus* lay,
For then he took himself to ease and rest;
When all his thoughts unto the proof w're steel'd
And all his Actions manag'd in the field.

A Knight of his (a worthy English-man,)
That went like him, clad in an Iron coat,
In *Warwick*, with the Worlds applaud began
To be a man of admirable note:
Such was the Valour he ascended by,
That Pagans trembled at the name of *Guy*.

B This

The Famous History

This man compos'd of courage, full of sprite,
Or hard adventures, and of great designes,
To fight with Giants took a chief delight,
Or search some Cave that Monster undermines ;
Meet with a Boor to make a bloody fray,
Or combat with a Dragon by the day.

Yet e're he entertain'd his love to Arms,
He grew devoted to the Queen of Love,
Attempting Beauties Fort with fierce alarms,
The Victory of such a prize to prove,
As elder Times before could ne're enjoy ;
A sweeter face then lost old Priam Troy.

Fair Phelice, equal match to Cupids mother ;
A curious Creature, and the Kingdoms pride ;
All spacious Britan had not such another,
For glorious Beauty, and good Parts beside :
Twixt her & Vulcan's wife no odds were known,
But Venus had a Mole, and she had none.

For most directly she had Venus hair,
The same high fore-head, and attractive eye :
Her Cheeks of Roses mixt with Lillies fair,
The very lips of perfect Coral dye :
Ivory teeth, a dainty rising chin,
A soft tonch, pleasing smooth, and silken skin.

With

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

With all Perfections make a peerless Creature
From head to foot, she had them every one ;
Mirrour she was of Comeliness and feature,
An English Phoenix, supreme fair alone :
Whom gazing peoples censures thus would grace,
Beauty lives no where but in Phelice face :

In Phelice face (this object of Guy's sight)
Where looks of love, and glances of disdain,
From thence sometimes his eyes at tract delight,
From thence anon his heart deriveth pain.
One while sweet smiles do give encouragement,
Another time, stern looks work discontent.

Thus on Loves Seas, toss by the storms of terror,
Twixt present calm, and sudden furious blast ;
Resolving love, yet finding love in error,
In freedom chain'd, in liberty bound fast ;
He sighs that Fortune doth so strangely deal,
To give a wound that Beauty will not heal ;

That Beauty will not heal (quoth he ?) fond man
Thou wrong'st thy self, and thy fair goddess too ;
By looks to know a womans heart who can ?
And look on her is only all I do :
I'lle take another course more resolute,
To speak to write my honest-meaning lait.

The Famous History

But if I should be so, what hope have I
That she will hear my words, or read my lines?
She is Earl Robands Heir, and born too high
To condescend unto my poor designs :
Though I a Gentleman by birth I am known,
Earldoms I want, and Lordships have none.

O! Women are ambitious out of measure,
They mount aloft upon the wings of Pride ;
And often nianch more for this worldly Treasure,
Then any loving-cause on earth beside :
Which makes some wish ratherthere w're no gold.
Then love for it should base be bought and sold.

If such she be (as not be such is rare)
What will my words, or sighs, or tears prevail ;
I enter then a Labyrinth of care,
And strive against both wind and tide to sail :
A restless Stone with *sisyphus* I roul,
And heap continual torments on my soul.

Then I attempt to fly with waxen wings,
Where *Phabos* Chariot burns in brightest flame,
And shall be censur'd, that in childish things,
As love, I have begot eternal shame :
Rejected and despis'd, in base esteem
To th' envious world, I shall no better seem.

B.t

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

But cease, Loves coward, banish thoughts of fear,
Be resolute, and good success attend thee;
*P*helice of force a loving heart must bear,
If he that shoots love darts of gold befriend thee;
And by no reason he can be thy foe,
Because thou lov'st his mothers picture so.

I am resolv'd : Go on to *P*helice Bower,
And from a true a heart as flesh can yield,
Intreat her hear me in a blessed hour,
And with kind pity all my sorrows shield;
To look upon me with remorse of mind,
That holds my life as her love is inclin'd.

This said, to *Warwick*-Castle he repairs,
Where the rich Jewel of his heart remain'd;
Earl *Roband* bids him welcome, and prepares
With hunting sports to have him entertain'd:
But thereunto unwilling ear he lends,
And sudden sickness for excuse pretends.

The Earl much grieved at this alteration,
Sent his Physician for to do him good;
Who told *Guy*, that his only preservation
Consisted in the present letting blood:
And that his body, in distemperature,
Was difficult and very hard to cure.

The Famous History

Doctor (quoth *Guy*) 'tis true I know as much,
I find my self to be exceeding ill ;
But there's a flower, which if I might but touch,
Would heal me better then thy Physicks skill :
'Tis called by a pretty pleasing name,
And *Phælix* soundeth somewhat near the same.

Quoth the Physician, Sir, I know it not,
Nor in the Herbal read of such a Flower :
Yet in this Castle it is to be got ;
Said *Guy*, it grows not far from yonder Tower :
I'le find it out my self, Doctor refrain,
Gallen ne're had the Art to cure my pain.

Left in this passion to converse with moan,
As in a window he did sighing lie,
In a delightful Garden all alone,
The Emp'ress of his thoughts he did espy ;
Which to his soul did much rejoicing bring,
Fear was depos'd, and Hope was crowned King,

Now is the time (quoth he) fair Fortunes Sun
Shines favourable on my gloomy cares :
Now may I end the grief that love begun,
And boldly ask good hap, how well she fares :
Now I enter into yonder shade,
To Court the worlds admired Beauteous Maid.

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Phelice I come, assist me (*Cupid*) now,
Prepare an Arrow ready for thy bow;
I never went a wooing; teach me how
Good action (with good speech) I may bestow:
But above all things, gentle *Cupid*, move her,
That she believe me, when I swear I love her.

With speed unto the Garden then he goes,
Where one of *Phelice* Damsels let him in;
And in a curious Arbour of repose,
Finds *Cytherea* with her silver skin:
Whom he salutes with grace and majesty,
Beholding her with love's enchanting eye.

Fairest (quoth he) of all the works in Nature,
Whose equal never breath'd this common air,
More wonderful then earth can yield a creature.
For every part belonging unto fair,
Immortal Creature of Celestial frame,
Eternal honour still attend thy name.

I come to thee about the like poor fruit,
That once *Leander* came to *Hera* with,
Hoping thereby to reap more lovely fruit,
Then *Mars* attain'd when he deceiv'd the Smith.
'Tis only love that I with heart present;
'Tis only love must give my soul content.

Incline.

The Famous History

Incline (sweet Lady) to my humble motion ;
Compassionate the grief that I endure.
Regard my life that rests at thy devotion.
With pity take my dying heart in cure :
O let it not in groaning torment swell !
And break in twain, because it loves thee well.

Great Princes love thee, this I knew before,
And deeds of honour for thy name have done.
But neither King nor Prince can love thee more
Then doth poor Guy thy Father Stewards Son ;
His love to thee is so inestimable,
To countervail it all, they are not able.

Phelice thus interrupts his Protestation :
No more of Love, cease gentle Youth (quoth she)
I have a mind fram'd of another fashon,
Virginity shall live and die with me :
Love is compos'd of idlenes and play,
And leadeth unto vain delights that stray.

Besides, it ill beseems thee, be so bold,
Inferior and unfit for my degree :
And if unto my Father this was told,
I know it would procure reproof to thee.
The Proverb in this point might make thee wise,
That Princely Eagles scorn the catching Flies.
And

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And with this answer he departed thence,
Leaving poor *Guy* more vexed than before :
For now in deep despair of recompence,
He never doth expect Loves comfort more ;
But unto sorrow, sighs and tears doth give,
VVishing each day the last he had to live.

Gay in strange passions for his Love,
Great torments doth endure :
Till *Phalice* sees a Vision, and
Doth yield her Patient cure.

CANTO II.

VVith tired thoughts remain this woful wight,
Distracted in his melancholly mind,
Partaking nothing that contains delight ;
All things are harsh, distastful, out of kind.
Phalice denies him Love ; whose sound of breath,
Is like the Judge that dooms a man to death.

Like to *Orestes* in his frantick fits,
He tare the golden tressles from his head :
Or mad *Orlando* quite depriv'd of wits,
From whom the use of sence and reason fled :
So fares it with this Love-tormented man,
VVhose raging thoughts into disorder ran.

The Famous History

Society he shuns, and keeps alone,
Accusing Destiny, and cursing *Beauty* ;
He hates himself, and is a friend to none,
Beyond the limits of all love and duty :
Venus (quoth he) how are thy Laws forgot,
Thus to afflict him that offends thee not ?

What is the cause I am rejected thus ?
Who interrupts my Love to Beauties mirror ?
I'll drag him hence to roaring *Erebus*,
There to be plunged in eternal terror.
I'll to *Joves* Court, and there with shouts and cryes,
Make such a clamor as shall rent the skies.

Shall I be cozened as *Orpheus* was ?
Assist me *Theseus* to revenge this wrong.
Where's *Radamant*, that Justice cannot pass ?
Euridice is sold even for a Song :
Fiends, Furies, Goblins, *Hidra*'s, for a fall,
I am prepar'd to manage with you all.

I'll mount upon the back of *Pegasus*,
And in bright *Phebus* flames my self will wrap :
Then will I tumble windy *Eolus*
To sleep in *Thetis* watery christal lap.
From thence I'll post unto the torrid *Zone*,
To find which way fair *Phelice* Love is gone.

Jason

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Jason had luck to win the Golden Fleece,
I like the Skin, but for the horns I care not :
Fair *Hellen* was a waggish Wench of *Greece*,
Bold *Mars* will venture, bashful *Venus* cares not.
Trust a fair face ? Not I, let him that list,
What's *Hercules* without a Club in's fist ?

Thus for a time his Sences were deprived,
Being left by Love as blind as *Cupids* eyes ;
Till Reason to perfections state revived,
And extream passions ceast to Tyrannize :
For in a Vision *Phætice* did descry
The power of Love, and yields her heart to *Guy*.

By *Morpheus* possest of quiet sleep,
In dead of night, when Visions do appear,
The Heart-tormenter, he that pierceth deep,
And maketh Lovers buy their bargains dear,
Sends from his bow a shaft with golden head,
And wounded *Phætice* in her Maiden-bed.

Before her he presents a *Martial* Wight,
Clad all in Armour, for Encounters fit ;
And says, *Sweet Virgin love this man of might,*
Give him thy heart, for he doth merit it ;
For Valour, Courage, comely shape and limb ;
The World hath not a Champion like to him.

The Famous History



Fair Phælice in a Vision
Entertains the love of Guy ;
Injoyning him adventures strange,
His manly force to try.

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Great honour (Lady) thou shalt gain thereby,
To adorn thy Noble and renown ned birth ;
He shall aspire unto such Majesty,
His Name shall be a terror on the Earth :
He shall become a Champion unto Kings,
And by the Sword perform admired things.

Be not ambitious that thou art high-born,
Be not disdainful of a mean estate ;
Be not defiled with the brand of scorn,
Be not too proud that thou art Beauties Mate,
For 'tis in vain to strive against my bow ;
If I say, Love, it must and shall be so.

Fix not thy thoughts vainly on Worldly wealth,
(Coyn should not be foundation unto Love)
Corrupted hearts it draws away by stealth ;
These Money-Matches cannot happy prove :
For as the Goods of Fortune do decay,
So love, which they beget, consumes away.

I know how Plato's golden Treasure sways,
By devillish and accursed false illusion :
I know how Womens humours now adays,
Run after Riches to their own confusion ;
I see the Peasants with most abject life,
With Gold enough can buy a dainty Wife.

The Famous History

But *Phelice*, if thou knew'st as much as I,
How base the gods esteem of such abuses,
When Beauty sells, and Riches comes to buy,
Which are not made for one anothers uses ;
Thou wouldest scorn that Maidens should be sold
As Cattel are, for Silver and for Gold.

Love must be simple, harmless, pure and plain,
And take Original from true affection ;
It must reciprocal return again,
Or else it doth discover imperfection :
Loves inward thoughts concur with outward deeds
Such as from loyalty and truth proceeds.

Thy Lover comes not for advancement to thee ;
In that thy Father is a worthy Earl :
It is not Dowry that can cause him woo thee ;
Hadst thou the Arabian Gold, or Indian Pearl :
But as great Jupiter to Leda came
For a sweet face, his purpose is the same.

Therefore sweet Virgin use him kindly well,
Make much of *Guy*, imbrace him for thine own ;
Afford him Love-room in thy heart to dwell ;
Let him no longer live in pensive moan,
But the next time thou dost behold his face,
Give him encouragement, with kind imbrace
And

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And with that word (*imbrace*) he shot, and hit
The very Center of her tender heart ;
Feeling the wound, she starts, awak'd with it,
Being taught thereby to pity Lovers smart,
For *Cupid* drew his Arrow to the head,
Because he would be sure she should be sped.

With that she fetch'd a sigh, a grievous one,
And from her eyes a shower of Tears did fall :
Where is (quoth she) the gentle Love-God gone,
Whose power I find is powerful over all ?
Oh ! call him back, my fault I do confess ;
I have in Love been too too pitiful.

Sweet Boy, sollicite for me to thy Mother,
And at her Altars I will sacrifice,
From this day forth I will adore no other,
No Goddess shall be gracious in mine eyes,
But she that hath imperious rule and might,
To lead obdurate hearts to kind delight.

Compassion now hath worthy Conquest made
Of that strong Fort that did resistance make :
One shaft had been sufficient to perswade
A League for life, a Truce till death doth take.
Guy more then Life, doth *Phelice* love prefer,
Phelice affects *Guy* dear, as he doth her.

But

The Famous History

But unto him her love is yet unknown,
Though his be made apparent long before :
He understands not that she is his own,
He feels no salve apply'd unto his sore ;
'Till forc'd by passions, and constrain'd laments,
A second Suit he boldly thus presents.

Phelice, I was arraigned long ago,
And now I look for Judgment at thy hand :
I have been prisoner in a Jayl of wo
So long, that speedy sentence I demand :
Oh speak unto me either life or death !
For I am tired with my vital breath.

If kindness dwell in that fair shape of thine,
Express it with (*I love*) if none there be,
Then say, *I cannot unto Love incline* ;
And so thou mak'st a quick dispatch with me,
Censure me sudden, either smile or frown,
I will not live thus for this Kingdoms Crown.

Phelice reply'd, 'Tis not at my dispose,
To fashion Love, without my Friends consent ;
What, would you wish me to be one of those,
That are to Parents disobedient ?
Shall fond affections over-rule the will,
And do you good, to be accounted ill ?

You

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

You know my Fathers greatness in the Land,
And if he should (as there's no other like)
The love of one too mean for me withstand,
How could we bear the strok, disgrace would strik?
Nothing but death would make my sorrow sweet,
And shame would wrap me in a Wind-sheet.

Doubt not of Father in this case (quoth he)
For Warwick Earl (the Honourable man)
Shall see such deeds of Valour done by me,
To have dislike he neither will nor can.
Injoin me what adventures thou think' st good,
That wounds and scars may let my body blood.

Why then (quoth she) *Guy*, make thy valour shine
Throughout the World, as glorious as the Sun;
My heart, my soul, my life, my love is thine;
What deeds of honour by thy hands are done:
Make thy self famous by a Martial life,
And then take *Phelice* for thy lawful wife.

I ask no more (said he) to gain thy love,
I shall esteem it bought at easie rate;
O that I were at work, my task to prove,
With Hercules, or some such churlish Mate!
Phelice farewell, this kiss thou gavest me
Shall make a number kis the ground for mee.

D

From

The Famous History

From England Guy to France doth go,
where deeds of Arms are done;
And whence returns triumphantly,
with all his Prises won.

CANTO III.

In larg'd from sorrows thralldom by hopes bail,
Guy arms his thoughts with Honours enterprise;
Imbarks himself, and into France doth sail,
Leaving fair England, where his comfort lies:
He seeks for enemies, he longs for foes,
And now desires to be a dealing blows.

In Normandy arriv'd, he understands
That there was Warlike-business to be done,
For valiant Knights of divers Christian Lands;
The rae of Valour did intend to run:
A great advantage was propounded there,
Which news was Musick to his greedy ear.

The prize that drew them all unto this place,
Was Daughter to the Almain Emperour,
Fair Blanch, with such a wondrous heavenly face,
It had attractive beauty full of power:
In her such Graces did unite together,
The Worthies of the World came postling thither.
Who-

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Who won the Damsel (it was thus decreed)
By manly courage, and victorious might,
Should have her mounted on a milk white Steed,
Two Grey-hounds, and a Faulcon all as white:
This was his lot that could attain the day,
To bear the Honour, and the Maid away.

Our English Knight prepares him for the field,
Where Kings were present, Princes did repair,
Where Dukes and Earls a great Assembly held,
About the face that was so wondrous fair:
Though only one must speed, and hundred miss,
Yet each man there imagines *Blanch* is his.

The spacious field where they assembled were,
Hardly afforded room for armed crouds:
The golden glittering Armour that wast here,
Did dart the Sun-beams back into the clouds:
The pamper'd horses proudly stamp't the ground,
To hear the clamor of the Trumpets sound.

A German Prince of an undaunted sprite,
A first and very fierce Encounter gave
Unto an Earl, whose valour did requite
With blow for blow, as resolutely brave;
Till by a stroke the Earl receiv'd on his head,
He was unhors'd, falling to ground for dead.

The Famous History

Then *Guy* came forth with courage to the Prince,
And deals with him as *Hercules* would do ;
Like force he never felt before nor since,
Such hard extrems he ne're was put unto :
Just where himself had laid the Earl in swound,
There down comes he, both horse & man to ground.

Duke *Othon* seeing this, was in a rage,
And desperate humour did incense him so,
He vow'd by Heaven nothing should affwage
His fury, but the death of that proud Foe.
Prepare thee, fight, to breath thy last (quoth he)
Monster, or Devil, or what e're thou be.

They joyn together with a dreadful fight,
The splinters fly, and clattering Armour sounds ;
The dust ascendeth up and blinds their sight ;
The blood allays it, streaming forth their wounds ;
Both their Swords brake, they light, and on his back
Guy threw the Duke, that ev'n his bones did crack.

Duke *Rainer* would revenge his Cousin then,
And for encounter he prepareth next.
Quoth *Guy*, I find y'ar wretches and no-men,
That with a blow or fall so soon be vexed :
But come and welcome, I am for you all ;
We say in England, *The weakest must to the wall.*
They

Of Guy, Earl of Warwick.

They rush together, that the ground did shake,
While animating Trumpets sound alarm ;
In Rainier's shoulder Guy a wound did make,
Whereby he lost the use of his right arm ;
Yielding himself as others did before,
Unable once to wield his weapon more.

Then for a while all stood amazed at Guy,
And not a man was forward to proceed ;
Till Lovaine Duke his Fortunes went to try,
Having good hope that he should better speed :
Well mounted, and well arm'd, he fair did sit
On a proud Steed, that ill beseem'd the biv.

I think (quoth he) thou some Inchanter art,
That hast the force of Magick in thine arm :
I'll teach thee to believe ere we depart,
Quoth Guy, for thou shalt feel that I can charm :
I'll conjure thee ev'n with an Iron Spell,
My sword shall send thee unto Heaven or Hell.

With that he lent him such a cruel stroke,
That th' other did return a weak reply ;
With second, and with third his Helmet broke ;
Hold, hold (quoth he) I'll rather yield than die ;
Fight for a Woman he that list for me ;
I think the Devil cannot deal with thee.

The Famous History

Then not a man that would Encouerter more,
They all were terrifi'd, and stood in fear;
And in a rage amogh themselves they swore,
What shal ha stranger all the honour bear
Of this great day? What cursed fortune's this,
That all the glory of the field is his!

Amongst themselves his happiness they curst,
In envies heat, not knowing what to do;
They could haue kill'd him, but that no man durst
Put his own life in hazard thereunto:
If wishes might have done it, he had di'd,
But fight with him not any could abide.

The Emperour, for *Gay*, a Knight did send,
Asking his name, and birth-right, which he told:
Then said his Majesty, I much commend
Thy haughty Courage resolutely bold:
Brave Englishman thou art thy Country's pride,
In Europe lives not such a man beside.

I do admire thy worth, thy Valour's great,
To speak thy praise my tongue cannot suffice;
Ascend to Honour's just deserved seat,
That art a second *Hector* in mine eyes:
This day thy worthy hand hath shew'd me more,
Then in my life I ever saw before.

Come

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Come and receive thy due desert of me;
My Daughter's love is free at thy dispose;
The Grey-hounds, Steed, and Faulcon take to thee;
Thy worthiness doth merit more then those:
Hold, here's a Jewel, wear it for my sake;
Which I witness of my Love do make.

Guy thank'd his Highness for his gracious favour,
And vow'd him service whilst his life did last;
Then to the Princess with a mild behaviour,
A reverent, humble, modest look he cast;
Saying, Fair Lady, Fortune is my Friend,
That doth such beauty to my lot extend.

Madam, accept your loyal English Knight,
To do true service when you please command it;
Who while he hath a drop of blood, will fight
In your behalf, against who dare withstand it;
To be your Husband is degree too high,
'Tis Grace sufficient, call me Servant Guy.

In England doth my Marriage-love remain;
To whom I must and will be true for ever;
About whose face Nature hath took such pain,
I durst have sworn flesh could have matcht it never;
But now I find (that curiously have ey'd her)
There is a Phoenix in the world beside her.

And

The Famous History

And that's your self; I dare the World deny it?
But which is fairest, eye cannot decide,
No humane judgment in the world can try it.
VVho hath most Beauty, *Blanch*, or my fair Bride:
I dare be bold to call you Beauties twins,
And *Venus* Blackamore to both your skins.

Oh *Phelice*! here's thy picture in this Princess,
Methinks th'art present in her lovely look;
Thou that of my souls faculties art Mistress,
Recorded in Times branch-leaved booke;
To thee if I prove false, or be misled,
Joves fearful vengeance light upon my head.

Quoth *Blanch*, thy constancy (and sighed deep)
Is highly to be praised; thou dost well:
He that Loves-promise will not faithful keep,
In horrors and in torments let him dwell:
But I suppose thy Vows are yet to make,
And so what thy Sword-won, thy heart may take.

VVhat I avouch is true, the heavens knows,
My Protestations are above the skies;
Madam, the Sun declines, day ancient grows,
I'll take my leave of you in humble wise,
My body is unto repose inclined,
Although no rest be in my troubled mind.

My

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

My troubled mind's in Warwick Castle now,

Although my body be in Normandy :
Here I make others bend, there do I bow,
And lowly as the humble ground do lye,
Even at Loves feet I cast my self to ground,
Though Victory my temples here have crown'd.

I cannot stay, I must to England back,
My mind mis-gives me, Phelice is not well :
Like my sad thoughts, my Armour shall be black !
I'le sute me in a mournful Iron shell,
For where the mind meets with suspiciois cares,
Distrust is ever dealing doubtful shares.

Yet I have much good fortune on my side,
That know the means how to attain my bliss ;
For Phelice love is to conditions ty'd ,
And I do trust she is my own by this :
By this she may ; but if she more require,
There's nothing in the world I will deny'r.

With hasty journey he is homeward bound,
Leaving the vulgar to the nine days wonder :
Arriving safely on the English ground ;
Posting to her, suppos'd too long asunder :
Whom with more joy his chearful looks behold,
Then can by pen, or lines of ink be told.

The Famous History



In France all Knights of Christendom,
To win a Prince's meet:
Guy Conquers all, and wins the prize,
Then doth his Goddess greet.

CANT. 4.

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

With the rewards of Victory,
Guy doth his Love present;
But Phelice is not satisfied:
Him forth again she sent.

Canto 4. Not much now & ma
In the supposed Haven of répose, he cometh.
Hope casteth Anchor for his Barque to ride:
With kind salute unto his Love he goes:
Who gives embracement, and all things beside
Befits affection; all such complements
As Love can look for, gracious she presents.

Fair Foe (quoth Guy) I come to challenge thee,
For there's no man that I can meet, will fight
I have been where a Crew of Cowards be,
Not one that dares maintain a Ladies right:
Good proper fellows of their tongues, and tall,
That let me win a Princess from them all.

Phelice, this Sword hath won an Emp'or's daughter,
As sweet a Wench as lives in Europe's space
At price of blows, and bloody wounds I bought her,
Well worthy my bargain; but thy better face
Hath made me leave her to some others Lord.
For, I protest by Heavens, I love her not.

The Famous History

This stately Steed, this Faulcon, and those Hounds
I took, as in full payment of the rest :
For I will keep my love within the bounds
That do inclose the compass of my brest :
My constancy to thee is all my care,
Leaving all other women as they are.

But Sweet-heart, tell me, shall I have thee now ?
Wilt thou consent the Priest shall do his part ?
Art thou resolved still to keep thy Vow ?
Is none but I half with thee in thy heart ?
Canst thou forsake the World, change Maiden life,
And help thy faithful Lover to a Wife ?

Quoth Phelice, worthy Knight, my joys are great,
To understand thy honourable deeds :
It seems some were in such a bloody sweat,
Their Valour, Fame and Reputation bleeds :
I give thee humble thanks, that for my sake no man
Such hard adventures didst vouchsafe to take.

To win a Princess was a precious prize ;
But sure, me thinks, if I had been Sir Guy,
She should have found more favour in mine eyes,
Than take a Horse, and turn a Lady by.
What, is a Horse, a Faulcon and a Hound,
More worthy then a Lady so renown'd ?

Perhaps

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Perhaps you'l say, 'Tis done for love of me ;
I do imagine, nay, believe it so :
And though I jest, I will do more for thee,
Than thou, or any but my self doth know :
I'le never marry while life's glas doth run,
But only thee ; thee, or I'le dye a Nun.

But give me leave to speak my mind (kind Love)
Let me lock up my secrets in thy brest :
I had a Vision did affection move,
Cupid came to me in my quiet rest,
And did command me, in his Mothers Name,
To love thee : thus perswading to the same.

An armed man (just as I see thee now)
He set before me, speaking to me thus :
Phelice be gentle-hearted, yeelding, bow,
Do not oppose against the power of us,
But all thy love, thy loyalty and truth,
Bestow it freely on this matchless youth.

Throughout the world his fame shall be admired,
And mighty men shall tremble at his wrath :
To end Kings quarrels he shall be required,
His worthiness shall tread no common path :
But actions to be fear'd, he shall effect,
Matters of moment, things of great respect.

This

The Famous History

This (in effect) he did to me relate,
And I have been obedient to his will :
Now if I would, I know not how to hate ;
Of perfect kindness I am taught the skill :
Believe me, *Guy*, for if it were not so,
This secret of my heart thou shouldest not know.

But now, my Love, before thou dost possess
Thy constant *Phelice* in her Marriage-bed,
Thou must do deeds of greater worthiness
Than winning of a Lady with her Steed.
I'le ever love thee, though I ne'er do more,
But will not grant thee use of love before.

Not grant me use of Love (quoth he) fair Friend?
Why then of force I must abroad again :
I will content thee, or I'le make an end
One way or other, slay, or else be slain :
Ere I return again into this Realm,
Thou shalt confess I have fulfill'd thy Dream.

Assist me Heavens, as I mean upright :
For I protest by all the Powers Divine,
No unjust Quarrel shall procure me fight,
To wrong the wronged I will ne'er incline ;
But stand for those that by oppression fall,
In Honour's venture, be it life and all.

Come,

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Come, my *Bellona*, do thou gird my sword,
Embrace my Armour in thy Ivory arms,
And such kind kisses as thou canst afford,
Bestow upon me in the stead of Charms :
I think upon *Ulysses* loving Wife,
How thou art now to imitate her life :

Farwel, my *Pbalice*, health and happiness
Attend thee ever, to thy hearts desire :
And I beseech God grant me like success,
As I resolve my love to thee intire,
At my return, when *Mars* his businels ends,
My comfort is, *Hymen* will make amends.

And so unto Earl *Roband* he repairs,
And tells him he is come to take his leave,
He must seek out where Honour dealeth shares,
To purchase that which worthy men receive.
At home (saith he) my honourable Lord,
I find that Valour nothing can afford.

Therefore, I'le search abroad what's to be done,
From Country unto Kingdom I'le resort :
By Natures course my Glass hath much to run :
I well may spare some years for fighting sport :
Of idleness there's nothing comes but evil,
I hate a Coward, as I hate the Devil.

Guy

The Famous History

Guy (quoth the Earl) thou mak'st me grieve at this,
The news is more then I can well endure,
Thy wished company so soon to amiss,
VVhen I did make account I had been sure
Possest of thee, at thy late travels end ;
And dost thou now Journeys anew intend ?

Remain with me, trust not to Fortunes power,
Though now she have so well and kindly dealt:
She may allot thee an unlucky hour,
That instantly her favours so have felt :
Her courtesies are most unconstant things,
Believe her not, she dealeth false with Kings.

Triumphant on her wheel thou now dost sit,
And with Fames triumph thy glory doth remain :
Oh ! do not over-rashly hazard it,
Lost honour is not eas'ly got again.
May not one cursed and unhappy blow,
Betray thy life to thy insulting Foe !

May not a Monster, or a savage beast,
At unawares deprive thee of thy breath ?
May not a Tyrant, when thou thinkest least,
Cut off thy course by an untimely death ?
May not a thousand dangers on thee light,
VVhere but thy self, thy wronged self must right ?
Quoth

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

(Quoth *Guy*) My Lord, danger he may not fear,
That to adventures doth himself dispose ;
He must a mind of resolution bear,
And think himself too good for all his foes ;
I'le never dread I shall be over-man'd,
While I have hands to fight, or legs to stand.

Therefore in humble sort I leave your Honour,
Wishing all health unto your happy state :
If Fortune take a frowning mood upon her,
Why , she shall see I will disdain her hate :
What star soever sway'd when I was born,
I have a mind will laugh mis-hap to scorn.

Guy to the Duke of *Lovain* goes,
And joyns with him in strength,
Against the Emperour *Reyner*,
Then makes his peace at length.

CANTO 5.

NOW *Guy* expects a favourable gail,
Which to his hearts desire he doth attain ;
And with a speedy passage he doth sail,
To seek adventures out in *France* again ;
Where finding none, from thence away he hies
To *Lovain*, where in siege the Emp'tor lies.

F

For

The Famous History

For *Segwin* Duke of *Lovain*'s hap was such,
At Turnament a Noble man to kill,
'The Emperors Cousin, whom he loved much,
And took the death of him exceeding ill:
So that a quarrel thereupon arose,
And Wars insu'd betwixt two mighty foes.

Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his aid ;
But in the way an accident befel :
For by Duke *Otton* he was false betray'd,
And's life in question, which he free'd well.
Otton in *France* before disgrac'd by *Guy*,
Had vow'd where e're he met him, he should die.

And to that end, sixteen appointed were
To lie in ambush, and surprise him so ;
All men of resolution, void of fear,
That in a Forrest did themselves beflow,
And set on *Guy*, only with three Knights more;
The like distress he ne'er was in before.

Now Gentlemen, and loving friends (quoth he)
Shew your selves English-hearted, rightly bred :
Here is some odds, sixteen up to you three ;
But I, the fourth, will stand you in some stead ;
You three shall combat six, that's two for one ;
And with the other ten let me alone.

Where

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Wherewith he drew his sword, and laid about,
That ratling armour eccho'd in the skye ;
Dealing so resolute amongst the rout,
That down they drop on every fide, and dye.
Here lieth one that hath no legs to stand,
And there another wanting head and hand.

Guy quickly made dispatch of his half-score,
He was not long in ridding them away :
But then remained half a dozen more,
Which two of his most worthy Knights did slay:
When he perceiv'd them fall, he stamp't the ground,
And uttered forth this fearful angry sound :

Ah Villains ! how my soul abhors this fight :
For these how my revenging passion strives !
This bloody deed with blood I will requite ;
You dye for it, had each a thousand lives :
Two slain out-right, and *Her* wounded too,
Is the last cursed act that you shall do.

With force (as twere, exceeding humane strength) T
He lays upon them blows to stagger und.r, (length A
And brought them breathless to the ground, at
Cut all in piece-meal for the Crows alunder : T
There lye (quoth he) and feast Fowls of the air, T
Or feed those savage beasts that will repair. T

The Famous History

But these sweet Gentlemen that have resign'd:
Their dearest lives for the defence of me,
And came from *England*, as their love inclin'd,
Companions in my hardest haps to be;
I will interr in honourable wife,
With best solemnity I can devise.

From thence unto a Hermit, dwelling nigh,
He rode, and did commit that charge with care;
Who did perform the Office carefully,
And *Hereward* home unto his Cell he bare:
Who was not dead, though *Guy* suppos'd him slain,
But by the Hermit was restor'd again.

Now forth goes *Guy*, pensive, perplexed, sad,
Grieving that Destiny so cruel dealt;
For left alone, no company he had,
To ease the torments that in heart he felt:
Till travelling along, at last he found
A place for honour very much renown'd.

There did he meet with Tilt and Turnament,
And entertain both glory and delight;
There Fortune yeelded him her full consent
To win the best of every valiant Knight:
Of all the worthy men that did resort,
Not one could match him in Duke *Reymer's* Court.

Then

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Then to the Duke of *Millain* he repairs,
Where for his worth he is admir'd of all :
And understanding that some great affairs
'Twixt *Segwin* Duke of *Lovain* did befall,
And th' Emperor ; *Millain* he did forsake,
And towards *Lovain* did his journey take.

As he did pass upon the way, he meets
A Pilgrim, that with travel seemed faint :
Whom in all humane courtesies he greets,
And with some news entreats him to acquaint
His longing ear : he with a sigh or two,
Said, Sir, with news I litrle have to do.

One thing in all this world is all my care,
And onely that, and nothing else I mind ;
I seek a man, and seek him in despair,
Because I long have sought, and cannot find :
A man more dearly to my souls-love ty'd,
Then all the men are in the world beside.

VVhy, what art thou, (quoth *Guy*) or who is he ?
Of kindness be so kind as tell in brief.
I am an English man, of Knight's degree,
(Quoth *Herond*) and the subject of my grief,
Is loss of one Sir *Guy*, thy Countrey-man :
Guy with joys tears lights to embrace him than.

And

The Famous History

And art thou living, *Herand*, my dear friend,
(Quoth he) and kindly took him in his arms?
Then cheerfully let sorrows all take end,
And let me know who cur'd thee of thy harms?
The good old Hermit by his skill did save me,
With wholsome Medicines, and Salves he gave me.

Guy did rejoice, and *Herand's* joys abound
At this so good and happy accident ;
No angry Star in opposition frown'd,
But each was owner of his own content :
So posting with good fortune on their side,
Unto the Duke of *Lovain* they do ride:

The City in distress besieg'd they find,
And very small resistance could be made ;
But *Segwin* was right joyful in his mind,
That worthy *Guy* was come unto his aid.
For now (quoth he) boldly presume I can,
We have an honourable valiant man.

Advise me, warlike Knight, what's to be done,
To free the present danger we are in :
My Lord (quoth *Guy*) there's freedom to be won
Ev'n by a course my self will first begin :
Let's issue forth upon them presently,
Our courages will make the Cowards flye.

I'le

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

I'll give consent to any thing thou wilt,
Thy project willingly I do approve :
Let limb be lost, let life and blood be spilt,
All follow thee, that come to men in love.
Open the Gates, let's bear them from our walls,
He lies no lower then the ground, that falls.

Then suddenly the City they forsake,
And on the *Almains* resolutely set,
Where such a bloody slaughter they did make,
That many thousand lives paid Death his debt;
Of thirty thousand that in siege there lay,
Searee thirty hundred that escap'd away.

The Emperor at this was much aggrieved,
And with new forces gave a new assault,
Knowing the City could not be relieved,
And then their strength would weaken by default :
So comes upon them with a fresh supply,
Thinking at length to famish them thereby.

Guy and the Duke upon the walls appear,
And tell him he shall never win the Town ;
For they can spare their Soldiers much good chear,
Throwing them victuals in abundance down :
Intreating them, if they want more than that,
To speak, they shall have store to make them fat.

But

The Famous History

But now (quoth *Guy*) your bodies are well fed,
How do you feel your stomachs to go fight?
I am afraid you are not rightly bred,
But Dunghils, that will sooner crow then bite:
For still when Cowards do begin a fray,
Look ere it ends, to see them run away.

And so your selves have lately done; we see, (feels,
Your tongues were heard, but hands there's no man
Most hot to brabble and content you'be,
But wondrous quick and nimble at your heels:
VVe did suspect when you came here to forage,
VVe should have bin incumbered with your courage

But 'tis not so, alas, y'are not the men,
Unless perhaps asleep you should us catch;
For walking, we'l encounter one for ten,
And never wish to have a better match.
Have at yon once again, sit fast, we come;
March on my hearts, sound trumpet, strike up drum.

Upon the sudden with the Foe they be,
Fighting like men that laugh't pale death to scorn;
Resolved now, they would their City free,
Or never live to see the next day morn.
Much blood was shed, great store of lives it cost,
And on the *Aisnains* side the day was lost.

The

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

The Duke, with Guy, pursue their foes in chase,
Who like so many Hares away do fly ;
Wishing that they had wings to mend their pace,
So sweet is life to them that fear to die :
But Fortune in an angry doom decreed,
Their glory, honour, fame, and life should bleed.

The Victors to the City then retired,
With Trophies of triumphant glory won ;
And all that heard the action much admired,
the great exploit so resolutely done :
But unto Guy the Duke all thanks did yield,
For thou (quoth he) art Cesar of our field.

My Lord (quoth Guy) I joy not half so much,
That we have wrought a freedom by the sword ;
As I should glory, if my hap were such,
Twixt you and th' Emperour to make accord :
Give me but leave, I will endeavour it ;
And put good will to a blunt Soldiers wit.

The Duke consents with thanks, and doth intend
Him take a guard of Soldiers forth the Town,
Danger that seems but little may prove great,
I would not have thee wrong'd for Reyners Crown :
Go, honourable man, what thou shalt do,
I'll set my hand, my heart, my life thereto.

yd T

G

Guy

The Famous History

Guy goes unto the Emperour, speaks thus ;
High Majesty, all health unto thy Grace,
And peace to thee, if thou say peace to us ;
And love to thee, if thou wilt love embrace :
As we are Christians, let us war no more,
But fight 'gainst such as will not God adore.

We sue to thee not in a servile manner,
As dreading any power or force thou hast ;
For victory doth now display his banner,
And war yields us a sweet and pleasant tast ;
No cause doth move it, but a Conscience-cause,
To bring the Heathens to Religious Laws.

Speak *Reyner*, and resolve, what wilt thou do ?
With Soldiers brevity my Message ends ;
Give me an answer ev'n as brief heretox.
Shall we be Christian-Foes or Christian-Friends ?
Shall we among our selves the name divide ?
Or challenge them that have the same deny'd .

Brave English man ! hadst thou speake thus before,
Thousands, quoth he, had liv'd, which now are slain :
Earth should have wanted of that slaughtered store,
Which doth in her vast bowels now remain :
Thou hast prevail'd with me, hot war shall cease,
And I embrace thee as a friend in peace.

Thy

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Thy motion tends to honour, Honours Knight,
And thou shalt live in Fames immortal praise:
When thou art buried in eternal night,
Thy name shall last the longest length of days.
Thou dost the Worthies of the World exceed,
Blest be the Country did thy person breed.

Come, go my Liege (quoth *Guy*) unto the Town,
And to Duke *Segwin* there a League renew:
Our end shall be to pull the Pagans down,
That unto Christs Religion are untrue.
My greatest joy will be to hear it said,
This is the best days work that e're *Guy* made.

Guy with a thousand chosen men,
against the Pagans goes.
And makes them curse that e're they felt
the force of Christian blows,

CANTO VI.

The power of peace hath vanquish't stubborn war
And mighty Princes worthily conclude;
The Sword shall rust in sheath before it jar,
To be with blood of Innocents imbrew'd:
Christians in name and action to unite
'Gainst unbelieving Infidels to fight.

The Famous History

Guy with a thousand men doth take his leave,
To hearken further after Martial news,
And doth a true intelligence receive,
That barbarous Pagans, Saracens and Jews,
Turks, and the like, of Mahomet's blind crew,
In most confused War each others slew.

To them he goes, partial on neither part,
His sword did favour every side alike,
They all were odious to him in his heart ;
Which arm'd his hand with vigour for to strike,
And work amazement unto their contending.
Coming so roughly to their quarrels ending.

Quoth they amongst themselves, what fellow's this,
That lays about him like a mad man thus ?
Of certainty, more then a man he is ;
For humane force would fear to fight with us :
But if he be as seemeth by his shape,
Had he ten thousand lives he should not scape.

Then did a haughty Pagan step to Guy,
And said to him, If Valour in thee rest,
Let's have a little sport 'twixt thee and I,
Only to see which of our swords cuts best :
Thou hast a weapon there is like a Reed,
Methinks it is too blunt to make one bleed.

Too

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Too blunt (quoth Guy) and in his anger groans :
Pagan, I like thy humour passing well ;
I'le whet it e're we part upon thy bones,
And then another tale thou wilt me tell ;
If it should fail me now, it were a wonder,
Such Lubbers it hath often hew'd in funder.

But come, art ready ? Bid thy friends adieu,
And say thy Prayers unto thy Pagan gods ;
For I do mean to use thee like a Jew,
Because with Christians thou dost stand at odds ;
Look that thy head be set on sure and fast,
Or mortal man, I'le prove thee but a blast.

Then did they lend each other lusty knocks,
That sparks of fire did from their Helmets flye ;
The Martial multitude about them flocks,
Expecting all the end and death of Guy ;
For Colbrand whom he fought withal, was strong,
And had been Champion to the Pagans long.

At length Guy lent him such a speeding blow,
That down comes Colbrand, & his strength to ground ;
Pagan (quoth he) is my sword sharp or no,
With which even now such a blunt fault you found ?
Rise quick, for if thy legs thou canst not feel,
Off goes thy head as sure as this is steel.

Forth

The Famous History

Forthwith he made him shorter by the head,
And that unto the Emperour he sent :
The Infidels grew all astonished,
For they in Colbrond were so confident,
They durst have ventured goods, and life, and limb,
On any Combat that was fought by him.

Then *Herand* (to give *Guy* some breathing-space)
Challeng'd a Pagan, call'd *Elmadant* ;
And dar'd him, and defr'd him to his face ;
(For valiant *Herand* did no courage want)
The Pagan somewhat hot with fury fill'd,
Did combat, being quickly cool'd and kill'd.

Presently *Guy* unto another comes,
Call'd *Morgadonr*, and foundly with his blade
Lays on him, and his senices so benums,
He tumbles head-long like a tired Jade.
The Pagans seeing their Champions thus go down,
Forsook the Field, retiring to the Town.

Where a most bloody Tyrant bare the sway.
Who hearing what had hapned, full of ire,
Went armed to the Tent whereas *Guy* lay,
And did a Combate at his hand require.
Villain (quoth he) whom like a Dog I scorn,
I'le make thee curse the time that thou wast born,
Know

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Know Runnagate, I come to fetch thy head,
For to a Lady I have promis'd it ;
My Curs shall with thy English flesh be fed,
They must devour thy body every bit :
Come, I have vow'd by *Mahomet* thou dy'st,
Thou canst not scape by trustiug in thy Christ.

And hast thou given away my head (quoth he)
Unto a Lady ? 'tis a brave intent ;
An honest man will his Words-Master be,
And never promise more then he hath meant,
Come on thy ways and take it quickly off,
Or else the Lady will suppose you scoff.

With proud disdain together then they rush,
Laying it on as fast as they could drive ;
But *Eskeldart Guy*'s sword did so becrush,
That for his head no longer durst he strive :
But on the sudden for to save his own,
Put spurs to horse, and in all post is gone.

Guy then returns to *Herant*, and declares
What a bold fellow came to fetch his head :
Who smiling at it, merrily prepares
To tell of his adventures, how he sped :
With a false Coward called *Adellart*,
That wounded him with an envenom'd Dart.

And

The Famous History

And being hurt most dangerously so,
Was intercepted e're he could retire
By *Estellard*, a proud insulting foe,
Compos'd of cruelty; of devilish ire.
But (quoth Sir *Herand*) e're our fray was done,
I made them wish it never had begun:

For *Addellart* I wounded in the side,
And *Estellard* I cur-tail'd by the knees :
Then left them lying, Death to be their guide
Unto the Jayl where worms do claim their fees.
So when these two were seen to fall down dead,
All t'other Pagans with amazement fled.

Why then (quoth *Guy*) all's quiet I perceive.
The Miscreants like unto Foxes hye ;
But gentle *Herand*, e're we take our leave,
One Combat more I am resolv'd to try :
The General of this accursed rout,
Shall be the man I mean to single out.

They term him mighty *Soldan*: Friend I long
To make a proof, if he deserve the name ;
I am in doubt they do him mighty wrong,
If might be wanting to avouch the same.
Titles of worth become base cowards ill,
I'le try what's in him, hap what ever will.

bna

Nay

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Nay *Heraud*, leave me, prithee do forbear,
I will be speedy, tarry in this Wood :
Go to yon grassie bank, repose thee there,
And with this Balsom stay those drops of blood.
Ere *Phæbus* in the Occident decline,
Death shall conclude the *Souldans* life or mine.

Said *Heraud*, Since thou wilt not let not me go,
But dost appoint this bed of Earth to bear me ;
Till thou return, I will converse with wo,
And will not suffer any Bird sing near me.
With longing eyes, and careful list'ning ears,
I'le spend thy absent time in prayers and tears.

Guy posts with speed, and doth the *Souldan* find,
And thus he speaks, Art thou the Man of Might,
Surnamed so by tongues, and peoples wind ?
Here is a Christian comes to dare thee fight :
Both *Mahomet* and thee I do defie,
And here's a Sword I will maintain it by.

The *Souldan* with a staring look replies,
Thou Christian Slave, I'le chastise thee with steel,
Thou art an odious creature in mine eyes,
And thy presumption shall my fury feel.
With that at *Guy* he ran with all his force,
Their Launeses brake, and each forsook his Horse.

Then

The Famous History

Then by the Sword the Victor must prevail,
Which manly force makes deadly wounds withall.
Cutting through armour, mangling shirts of Mail,
That at the last down did the *Souldan* fall,
Sending blasphemous curses to the skye,
And casting handfuls of his blood at *Guy*.

Who presently took horse, and then retir'd
To *Heraud*, whom he found in slumber laid;
Rise friend (quoth he) the time is now expir'd,
An end with mighty *Souldan* I have made.
With that he rose with joy, and loves embrace,
And forth they travel to another place.

Guy takes a Princely Lyons part,
and doth a Dragon kill,
Then frees fair *Ouse* from mischaps
that else had fared ill.

CANTO 7.

Passing the Desart now, where shady trees
Embrac'd each other in their green-leav'd arms
Where Lady Echo's dwelling belt agrees,
And little birds sing fearless of their harms.
They chanc'd to find a silver-streaming spring
Which water to them was a pleasant thing.

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.



His Lady sends him forth again,
Whose will be doth obey,
And manfully a Dragon kills,
To part a cruel fray.

H 2

There

The Famous History

There with the crystal streams they cool their heat,
And slake their thirst they had endured long ;
There did they make the herbs & roots their meat,
To satisfie for Natures hungry wrong :
But on a sudden at a noise they wonder,
A Lyon roar'd as if great Jove did thunder.

Herand (quoth Guy) to horse let's be prepar'd,
And leave our dinner till another day ;
Here is a sound, I never was so scar'd,
I'll seek it out, it comes from yonder way :
Some Monster, or some Devil makes a noise,
For on my life, it is no humane voice.

So forth he rides, and underneath a hill,
He finds a Dragon with a Lyon met :
Brave sport (said he) I pray fight on your fill,
And then upon the strongest I will set :
Which of the twain that first aside doth start,
I am a friend that will maintain his part.

The Dragon winds his crooked knotted tail
About the Lyons legs, to cast him so ;
The Lyon fastens on his rugged scale,
And nimbly doth avoid that overthrow :
Then tooth and nail, they cruelly tear and bite,
Maintaining long a fierce and blood fight.

At

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

At last the Lyon faintly turns aside,
And looks about, as if he would be gone;
Nay then (quoth Guy) Dragon have at your hide,
Defend thy Devils face, I'le lay it on.
With that courageously to work he goes,
And deals the Dragon very manly blows.

The ugly beast, with flaggy wings displai'd,
Comes at him mainly, with most dreadful paws,
Whose very looks might make a man afraid,
So terrible seem'd his devouring jaws:
Wide gaping, grilly, like the mouth of Hell,
More horrible then pen or tongue can tell.

His blazing eyes did burn like living fire,
And forth his smoaking gorge came sulphur smoke;
Aloft his speckled breast he lifted higher
Then Guy could reach at length of weapons stroke:
Thus in most ireful mood himself he bore,
And gave a cry as Seas are wont to roar.

With that his mortal sting he stretched out,
Exceeding far the sharpest point of steel;
Then turns and winds his scaly tail about
The Horses legs, more nimble than an Ele:
With that Guy bews upon him with his blade,
And three mens strength to every stroke he laid.

One

The Famous History

One fatal blow he gave him in the side,
From thence did issue streams of swarthy blood;
The Swōd had made a passage broad and wide,
That deep into the Monsters gore Guy stooed :
Then with a second blow he overtook him,
Which made the Dragon turn to have forsook him.

Nay then, quoth he, thou hast not long to live,
I see thou faintest at the point to fall ;
Then such a stroak of death he did him give,
That down comes Dragon, crying out withall
So horrible, the sound did more affright
The Conqueror, then all the dreadful fight.

Away he rides, and lets that Hell-hound lye;
But looking back, espies behind his Horse
The Lyon coming after very nigh,
Which makes him light to follow manly force :
But when the Beast beheld his weapon drawn,
He came to him, and like a dog did fawn.

Like to that grateful Lyon which did free
Androdon life, for pulling out a thorn ,
When by offence he should by Laws decree,
Within a Theater by beasts be torn.
The Lyon came, and lick'd him very kind,
Bearing (as seem'd) an old good turn in mind.

Even

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Even so this gentle creature deals with him,
For that same benefit which he had done ;
Although by Nature cruel, fierce and grim,
Yet like a Spaniel by his horse did run ;
Continuing many days with great desire,
Till extream hunger forc'd him to retire.

Now towards the Sea *Guy* doth his journey take,
Imbarques for *France*, but by contrary wind
Arrives in *Almain*, where the Nobles make
Great triumph for him, and with joyful mind ;
The Emperor rejoices that he's come,
And bids him welcome into Christendom.

There is he entertain'd with Turnament,
With Kingly Banquets, Princely Revelling :
And multitudes to give their eyes content,
Attend him with their throng, still wondering
At all his worthy acts report had spread,
Wherewith their ears most strangely had been fed.

From thence he travels towards his loving friend
The Duke of *Lovain*, whom he long'd to see :
But ere he came unto his journeys end,
A wronged Lady he did worthily free :
Which violently was from her love bereft,
And he at point of death sore wounded left.

doin W

Thus

The Famous History

Thus it befel *Terry* a valiant Earl,
VVith his dear Love, firnam'd *O'sle* the fair,
(His precious Jem, inestimable Pearl)
Into a Forest went to take the air;
VWhereas a plot was laid to take his life,
And make his beauteous Love another's wife.

Upon the sudden sixteen Villains came
Unto the Earl, and did him grievous wound.
Sirrah (quoth one) thou hast a wench we claim,
She must with us, lye thou there on the ground;
And the next passenger that thou dost see,
Intreat him make a grave to bury thee.

Guy finding *Terry* thus, hearing his plaint,
Doth comfort him in kindest sort he can:
VWho with the loss of blood doth weakly faint,
VVith force of deadly colour, pale and wan:
Courage (quoth he) I'le fetch thy Love again,
Or say that *Guy* is but a Coward Swain.

VVhen *Terrey* heard that name, he did revive,
For unto him *Guy*'s worthy deeds were known:
And lifting up himself from ground, did strive
For to embrace him in deep passions groan. (heart
Thanks gracious Heavens (quoth he) with soul and
For sending thee to take my wronged part.

Which

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Which is the way (quoth he) those villains went?
That path, said woful Terry, by yon Oak; A
Have after them; this deed they shall repent; join VI
As I am a Christian Knight; and as he spoke, qd Q
He heard a shrike, which was the Ladies cry, bnt T
So by that sound he did them soon discry. Jpon of

Coming unto them, Wretched Slaves (quoth he):
What do you purpose with this Lady here? e
Inlarge her presently, and set her free, i. v. 1. O
You have done wrongs, that will be rated dear; R
Her Husband wounded, she us'd violent, ront uoi
Will cost your lives a price incontinent. / stedt red

With that they laugh'd, and said, What fool's this
Or rather mad-man in his desperate mind? (same)
That means by wilful death to get a name; atti V. 2d
And have the world report he hath been kind? bnt b.
The fellow sure is in some frantick fit, on awob san T
And means to fight, without both fear and wit. I qd

Like so (quoth he) the fit that's on me now, no nod T
You shall all find to be a raging one, bnt I can do it
With that he shews them Mars his angry brow, bnt A
And bids the Lady cease her pensive mone: i. v. 3d
Saying, Good Madam, unto joy encline, i. v. 4d
For suddenly the Rascals will be hune! l. o. d. 2d W

The Famous History

Then with a courage admirable bold,
At every blow some or other dyes :
Which when the gentle Lady did behold,
Oh pitty ! worthy Knight, she cryes ;
These mortal wounds I can no longer see ;
Be not so bloody in revenging me.

Upon my knees I do intreat thee stay,
This is to me a terrifying sight :
Oh ! with their lives thou takest mine away ;
If one dye more, I fainting yield my sp'rite.
Thou worthily mine honour hast defended,
Let the revenging of my wrongs be ended.

Lady (quoth he) I cease at your request,
Depart base Rascals, all but two be gone :
But Villains, you did bind her for the rest,
And struck them with his sword (the scabbard on)
That down to ground they fell, making this 'scuse.
My Lord, we only kept her for thy use.

Then on his Steed he lets the Lady ride,
To seek her Lord, whom she had left distrest :
And *Gry* unto that place became her guide ;
Where coming, they did find him careful drest :
For in their absence came a Hermit by,
Which to his bleeding wounds, did salve apply.

Terry

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Terry and Ofyle, in their joys abound,
And gratefully to Guy all things do give:
Be thou (said they) in life and death renown'd,
Whom we will honour, while we breathing live;
Hold, here's my hand (quoth Terry) worthy Guy,
In fight for thee, I will be proud todye.

Guy takes Earl Terry's Tathers part,
And kills the Duke his foe.
With sword destroys a cruel Boar,
Prevailing danger so.

CANTO VIII.

NOW *Titans* Horses with his fiery Carre,
Had brought the day to darkness in the West,
And *Vesper*, the silver-shining Star,
Which doth adorn the skies at evening best,
Appear'd as bright as *Cynthia* in her Sphere,
To welcome fable-nights approaching near.

When *Terry*, *Guy* and *Ofyle* wanting guide,
Did stay about the unfrequented Wood,
Hearing the savage noise on every side,
Of Beasts that thirsted after humane blood,
As Boars and Bears, and Lyons, and the like,
Which to their hearts did some amazement strike.

The Famous History

On every side they cast a heedful eye,
Still doubting on a sudden, some surprise;
At length two armed men they did espye,
That also listen to those fearful cries:
Each had his sword in hand, being ready drawn,
Knowing that place did yield no dogs would fawn.

Coming more near, Sir *Heraud* was the one,
The other even as dearly *Terry's* friend, (known,
Who with embracements made their gladness
And then the Earl demanded to what end
His loving Cousin pass'd the desart so?
My Lord (quoth he) to bring thee news of wo.

Thy noble Father is besieged now,
In his strong Castle, by Duke *Ottens* power;
Who hath protested by a solemn vow,
About his ears he will pull down the Tower,
In a revenge that thou his Love hast got,
He swears thy Fathers life escapeth not.

His Love (quoth *Terry*) prethee ofte speake,
Acquaint this worthy man with thy souls thoughtes;
Have I procur'd thee any faith to break?
Or been the instigator unto ought
That is unjust in righteous Heavens sight?
Never, (quoth *ofte*) thou hast been upright
That

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

That wretch would force my love away,
In claiming that I ne're intend to give;
I will be thine until my dying day,
Thou shalt enjoy me all the hours I live,
And when I alter this determination,
Let God and man hold me in detestation.

Well spoke (said Guy) Lady be constant ever,
And honours blemish then thou needst not doubt :
Keep Loves foundation firm, alter it never,
It is for love I range the World about :
And do expose my life to mortal danger,
In this exiled state, an unknown stranger.

But Terry, wherefore are thy looks so sad,
Thou hast thy Love in person to embrace ?
As far as England mine is to be had,
And many years I have not seen her face ?
It were enough to bring my hopes to end,
But that my patience is a trusty friend.

My Lord (saith Terry) know you not my grief,
And heard this messenger relate the cause ?
Oh my distressed Father wants relief !
I were a Rebel unto Natures Laws,
Not to condole with him in his extream ,
Making his troubles my true sorrows Team.

The Famous History

If that be all (quoth he) thou art too blame,
There is no cause to spend a sigh thereon :
I'le terrifie Duke *Otten* with my name,
Let him but hear I come, and he'le be gone.
Something between us may not be forgot,
He felt my sword in *France*, but lik'd it not.

Since that, against my life a plot he laid,
By Villains that surpriz'd me in a Wood,
But treachery with vengeance was repaid;
Who ever knew a Traitors end prove good ?
Accursed haps attend them ever more :
In Brazen Bull *Perillus* did first roar.

I will go with thee to defend thy Father,
(For the oppresſed I have vow'd to right)
And reason moveth it, so much the rather,
Mine own abuses therewith to requite :
This opportunity wee'l not omit,
In that occasion falleth out so fit,

Lets hasten on with speed unto the place,
Preventing mischief e're too farr it run,
Take hold on Time before he turns his face,
Good proveth best, when it is soonest done;
Go like *Aeneas* with a filial joy,
To fetch thine old *Archisee* out of *Troy*.

Coura-

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Courageous Knight (puoth *Terry*) thy bold heart
Cannot be daunted, I perceive, with fear;
Compos'd of *Mars* his Element thou art,
Of powerful limbs, to manage sword and spear :
My melancholly thou hast banish'd hence,
And with strong hope arm'd me in recompence.

Now all in post they speed themselves away,
And in short time unto the Castle come,
Whereas Duke *otten* and his forces lay,
Relying on his Soldiers ample summe :
But when the Captains of *Guy's* coming knew,
They fled by night, and never bad adieu.

This was discouragement to all the rest,
To see their Leaders thus give ground and flie.
Yet did the Duke most resolute protest,
If each man in the Castle were a *Guy*,
He would not leave it basely and retire;
Though life be dear, yet honours place is higher.

Terry (said *Guy*) we must not tedious be;
Experience often hath my Tutor been,
And taught, that when advantage I do see,
To fasten on occasion and begin :
The enemy by fear himself subdues,
Add force to that, and victory ensues.

Being A

We

The Famous History

We will not make our prison of this place,
As long as there is field-room to be got;
'Tis my desire to meet the Duke's good Grace,
And combat him, because he loves me not:
If that you will not leave this house of stone,
I'll leave you all, and go my self alone.

And with these words *Heraud*, and he depart,
Which when the Castle-soldiers did perceive,
They gave a shout, Our General thou art,
Thy honourable steps we will not leave;
We are resolved to attend thee still,
Let Fortune use us, ev'n as fortune will.

And thus most valiant they do march along,
Giving the onset, fearless to their foe,
Making those multitudes that seem so strong,
Retire themselves with slaughtered overthrow:
But when the Duke perceiv'd his Soldiers flie,
Perish (quoth he) base villains, here I'll die.

Where is this *English* man that haunts my Ghost,
And thus pursueth me from place to place?
I challenge him to come and leave the Host,
And meet with resolution, face to face;
Let equal envy make his equal match,
All controversies we will soon dispatch.

Agreed

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Agreed (quoth Guy) proud Foe, I yield consent,
Repent thy wrongs, and make thy conscience clear;
For thou hast liv'd to see thy honour spent,
Which worthy men of all things hold most dear:
The noble-minded censure him with shame,
That lives to see the death of his good name.

Then toward each other they did mainly make,
And break their Launces very violent;
Which being done, their swords in hand they take,
Fighting until great store of blood was spent.
For envie did the Dukes keen weapon whet,
And on Guy's fword, revenge an edge did set;

At length through loss of blood the Duke fel down,
And said, Now fond felicity farewell,
I am betray'd by fortunes angry frown,
And this experience to the world doth tell,
There's nothing constant that the earth contains,
Death deals with Monarchs, as with simple swains;

Bewitching vanities, seducing blind us,
Greatnes hath great accounts thereon depending:
As death doth leave us, so shall Judgment find us,
There is no peace unto a happy ending:
My dying hour yields more repenting grace,
Than in my life I ever could embrace.

K

Th'

The Famous History

Th' immortal soul doth with these words depart,
And leaves the breathless body did contain it :
While woful passions to afflict *Gny's* heart,
Now wishing to himself, he had not quain it :

For true humility compassion shows,
To see afflictions over burthen-woes :

Gny sheath'd his sword, and said, Remain thou there,
Until I do arrive on *Englands* shore :
No further quarrel to the world I bear,
For love of *Phælice* I will bleed no more;
From her I have been too long away,
And will return to challenge *Soldiers* pay.

So thence he rode to find Sir *Heraud* out,
Making his journey through a desart place,
Which was obscure, environ'd round about
With shady trees, that hid bright *Phæbus* face :
Where suddenly he met the hugest Bore,
That ever mortal eye beheld before.

The Beast came at him most exceeding fell,
Which he preventing, stands upon his guard,
And doth avoid those dreadful Tuks right well,
Laying upon his Swinish head so hard,
That dead he left him who had many slain,
For forth that Wood no man came back again.

When

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

When this was done, *Herand* he overtakes,
And tells him what a Christmas Brawn he llew,
Then with his purpose him acquainted makes,
Which was to bid all foreign parts adieu,
And see the heavenly object of his heart;
Herand consents, and they forthwith depart.

To England comes victorious Guy,
And doth fair Phelice wed
At York, presenting Athelstone
A dreadful Dragons head.

CANTO IX.

A Sisted now by nimble winged Time,
Guy shaps his course for *England*, & doth leave,
The bold adventures of each foraign Clime,
Loves just reward from *Phelice* to receive :
As *Hercules* twelve labours being past,
Found time for *Dianire*'s love at last.

Herand and *Guy* no sooner do arrive,
But news thereof unto the King was brought,
Who heard of all before they did atchieve,
Which made him much desirous in his thought
To see such Subjects matchless men alone;
In honouring *England*, and King *Athelstone*.

The Famous History

To York they go, for there the King was then,
To whom they did most humble duty shew ;
Welcome(quoth he) renowned Martial men ;
My Princely love upon you I bestow ;
Your fortunate success contentment breeds,
Fame came before, & brought us home your deeds.

Chey, thou hast laid a heavy hand we hear,
Upon the necks of Pagans, Infidels,
And sent them home by fatal Sword and Spear,
To horrors vault, where unbelievers dwells ;
Devouring Beasts thou likewise hast destroy'd,
That humane creatures fearful have annoy'd.

Yet worthy man, I think thou ne're didst slay,
Of all those monsters terrible and wild ,
A creature more cruel, than at this day
Destroys what e're he meets, man, woman, child,
Cattel and all, which no man may withstand,
A dreadful Dragon in Northumberland.

I speak not this to animate thee on,
And hazard life at setting foot on shore ;
For divers to destroy this Beast, have gone,
But to their friends never returned more :
No, I express how happy thou hast been,
To free like fears that other men were in.

Dread

Of Guy, Earl of Warwick.

Dread Lord (quoth *Guy*) as I am English Knight,
And faithful unto God, true to my King,
I will go see if that same Beast dare bite,
For to your Grace his head I mean to bring :
I found his fellow with a Lyon fighting,
And made him leave both scratching and his biting.

And as I dealt with him, I'le deal with this,
Onely I do beseech your Royal Grace,
Command me some direction where he is,
And to your Court I'le bring his ugly face,
Or your mild fayour let me never see;
Dragon, or Devil, whatsoe're he be.

So taking humble leave, away he rides
Unto Northumberland, to find the beast;
Having a dozen Knights which were his guides,
And brought him where the Dragon held his feast,
Like *canibal*, that feeds on flesh of men :
Behold (quoth they to *Guy*), yon Cave's his Den.

It is enough, said he, do you remain,
And leave me to go find out *Hidra*'s head,
That never shall devour a man agajn,
Who with so many bodies hath been fed.
Here Gentlemen, if you will please to say,
Sit on your Horles and behold our fray.

The Famous History

Coming unto the Cave, the Dragon spies him,
And forth he stalks with lofty speckled brest,
Of dreadful form : as soon as e're *Guy* eyes him,
His Launce he speedy set into his wrest,
Then spurs to Horse, and at the Dragon makes ;
That bearing ground, at the encounter shakes.

Then very lightly *Guy* returns his Horse,
And comes upon him with redoubled might :
The Dragon meets him with resisting force,
And like a Reed, his Launce in two did bite :
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) if to such bites you fall,
I have a tool to pick your teeth withall.

Then drew his Sword (a keen and massie blade)
And fiercely struck with furious blows so fell,
That many wide and bloody wounds he made,
Which caus'd the Dragon yawn like mouth of hell,
Roaring with a most fearful hideous sound,
And with his claws, all rent and tore the ground.

Impatient of the smart he did sustain,
He thought with wings to raise himself aloft,
But with a stroak, *Guy* brought him down again,
And ply'd him with the edge of steel so oft,
That down he fell in dirty blood bewray'd,
And forth his wide devouring Oven bray'd.

A flake

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

A flake of fire seemed to issue thence,
While *Guy* was hewing off his ugly head.
Now fiend (quoth he) thou hast thy recompence,
For all the humane blood thy jaws have shed ;
Upon a dart of this same broken spear,
Thy filthy face unto the King I'le bear.

The Knights (with joy exceeding) take a view
Of that same fearful creature, strange of shape :
Admiring at his ugly form of hiew,
With wonderment, that mortal could scape
Those teeth and claws, so dreadful, sharp, and long,
Compos'd by nature in a Beast so strong.

When they had fix'd the head upon a spear,
And measur'd out the bodies length direct :
Unto the King at *Lincoln*, they it bear,
Who *Guy's* return with longing did expect.
A God shield (quoth he) and save me from all evil,
Here is a face may well out-face the Devil.

What staring eyes of burning-glass be those,
That might (alive) two flaming Beacons seem ?
What scales of Harness arm that crooked nose ,
And teeth? none such had *Cerberus* I deem ;
What yawning mouth, and forked tongue is there,
That being dead, may make the living fear.

solidaq

Victo-

The Famous History

Victorious Knight, thy actions we admire,
And place thee highly in our kingly love,
Throughout the spacious orb by Fame aspire,
Most lofty then the Supreme Sphere doth move:
To the succeeding ages of this Land,
I will remember thy victorious Hand.

Which shall be thus, the Monsters picture wrought
On cloth of Arras artificial well;
And unto Warwick we will have it brought,
There to remain, and after ages tell,
That worthy Guy, a man of matchless strength,
Destroy'd a Dragon thirty foot in length.

And place his head here on the Castle wall,
For memory, till years do ruin it:
And Nobles, make triumphant Festival,
Afford our Knight all honour doth befit:
Troj's Hector's dead, and can no more atchieve,
But Englands Hector still remains alive.

• By this report (the onely Linguist living)
Hath been with Phelice, for to make her glad,
Such Fame and Glory to her Lover giving,
As never greater any Worthy had;
Tells all the deeds of wonder he hath done,
From the first action that his hand begun.

Phelice

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Pbelice impatient of his wished sight,
Speeds towards Lincoln, like light *Salmasis*:
Where joyfully she entertains her Knight
With Juno's kind embrace, and *Venus* kiss'd
Guy with requital makes his gladness known:
And in his arms he now enjoys his own.

Forgetful Love, and too too slow (quoth she)
I fear'd thou didst not mind thy dearest friend:
What, seek a Dragon, ere thou look for me?
And hazard life, before thou come or send
To know if I remain in happy state
Some jealous woman would suppose 'twere hate.

But sure I do not, though I speak my heart,
And wish I had been first thou saw'st on shore:
Guy! welcome to thy Pbelice now thou art,
Thou never shalt go forth a fighting more;
No, thou hast fought too much, thy looks bewray,
Stern countenance hath stolen thy smiles away!

But love will learn thes (Love) to change thy face,
And frame it as at first when I did chuse thee:
Thou hast almost forgotten to embray
I like that well, it seems thou didst not use it
In Foreign parts abroad, whether thou hast bin
But that lost lesson thou must now begin.

L

I will

The Famous History

I will (quoth he) dear Love, and ply my Book,
And kiss my Lesson on thy Coral lip.
Tell me but truly when I am mistook
In reading, truly, if I over-skip;
Or be too negligent in taking pain,
Why turn me back to soon my gear again.

But Lady, one exception I will make,
What kindest favour could put me to,
The Horn-book is all other? He for sake?
For willingly I would not have to do
With that Cross-tow, grols upon many, when
Women do teaching unto married men.

Kind Sir (quoth she) content, I'll never chuse it,
It fits two sorts, a Cutteez, a Child:
Once as the Letter simply, this use it,
But for the other, mether be belld'd
Then to deke it, the second Horn-book's naught,
Teach it natricy, and it shall be taught.

Coy, smil'd, and said, Come, let us Warwick see,
Of all the world this place that I love best,
Because it had the bringing up of thee.
And there first with thy Beauty I was blest.
I love thee casting, and the Castle-ground,
Where first thy banners have wonne Prouud.

Now I

J

Let

Of Guy, Earl of Warwick.

Let's hasten on to hear this sacred voice;
I Guy take Phelice to my wedded Wife;
And thou repeat, *I like wise am thy chaire*,
Till death depart us, ev'n so long as life doth last,
And then the next will be, *God give us As*,
And send by Fathers Hair a Gallant Bag.

Soon after the marriage is solemniz'd,
The King of England (like a Pilgrim)
but after four days, returned to his
Guy Penance vows, and Pilgrim-like,
from England goes his way,
Who in朝朝 of England to the Honourable city
in Hononore.

CANTO VII. X.

The happy day (that Lovers long expect) is now obtain'd, to give desire unto the young
And all the Honours Honour can effectually
He frank bestows, to grace the Wedding solemnity.
For *Arbystone* and his renowned Queen,
At this great Nuptial in their pomp were seen.

The Nobles rich and costly attire'd, in blaw &c
With worthy Knights and Gentlemen beside,
Ladies of Honour (as she liveth we desire),
Attend upon the beauteous fair-faced Bride,
There wanted meetinge wife of which could find,
To please the eyes, or to concile the minde.

The Famous History

Masques, mid-night Revels, Tilt and Tournament,
Acting of ancient Stories, stately Shows,
Banquets might give great Jupiter content ;
Where Cups of Nectar plenty overflow,
Abundant all things with a plenty hand,
As if a King himself should feast the Land.

Soon after all these things were consummate,
Earl Robard (Phælice worthy Father) dyes ;
And to his Son bequeaths the whole Estate
Of Earldom, Lordship ; all his Land is Guy's,
Who is created Earl of Warwick then,
In Honours rank, with Englands Noblemen.

But in the Glory of his high applaud,
Enjoying all that did partake delight,
When every tongue his Fame and Fortunes laud,
Himself converts his Sun-shine days to night,
Bethinking what the world may judg betought,
And deeming all but vain that he had sought.

Oft would he sit and meditate alone,
In looking back what steps his youth had trod ;
Then to himself with sighs and grievous groans,
Cry, Pardon me, thou just incensed God ;
I have done nothing for to punishment Gracey
But spend my time about a woman's face.
For

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

For Beauty, bloody through the world I ran;
In pride of heart preferring *Phelice Feature*:
For Beauty I have ended many a man,
Hating all other for one mortal creature:
For Beauty I have pawn'd my utmost power;
But for my sins not spent one weeping hour.

My Nunquam sera I will now begin,
And vow to spend the remnant of my dayes
In contrite penance for my former sin,
That God may pardon all the erring wayes
Which flesh and body were deceived by;
Unto the world I will go learn to dye,

Let me be censur'd even as mortals please,
I'le please my God in all things may be done:
Ambitious pride hath been my youths disease;
I'le teach Age meekness ere my glafs be run:
And change my voice, wealth, beauty, world farwel,
To purchase Heaven I will go pass through Hell.

Phelice perceives his melancholy state,
And coming to him, doth most mildly woo;
• My Lord (quoth she) why are you chang'd of late?
As I share joy, let me bear sorrow too:
If I in ought have mov'd you to offence,
I will with tears perform due recompence.

The Famous History

No, my dear Love, (quoth Guy) no cause in thee,
Tis with my self I discontented strive:
By light of Grace my Natures faults I see, and to
That am as dead, although I seem alive:
Phelice, my sins, my countless sins appear,
Crying, Repent thy guilty Conscience clear.

I must deal with thee as *Romanus* dealt
(A Prince of Rome) with sygunda his wife,
Who (from a deep impression he felt)
Vow'd Chastity perpetual all his life.
Entreating thee (even as thou lov'st my soul),
To pardon me, not urging by contoul.

Hast thou not heard what *Ethelfrida* did,
A Christian woman, sometimes England's Queen?
Is Edeltrudis act of chaste life hid,
A Prince's likewise, and matchless doth seem?
The first with child, no more of dust would tashy,
The second caus'd two husbands both live chaste.

And canst not thou (the Phœnix of a Realm)
By imitation win immortal praise? or paines? but
Leaving thy Vertues and admiring them,
To the succeeding Age of Iron dayes
I know thou canst, thy greater part is Divine,
Where most is carnal, twill so flinch incline.

ON

g. J.

Thou

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Thou didst procure (although I do excuse it)
My pride, by Conquests to attain thy love:
God gave me valour, I did vain abuse it ;
My heart and thoughts aspired far above
The Crowns and Scepters of most potent Kings,
I held their Diadems inferior things.

But now I gather in a total sum,
Such follies, and condemn them all to die :
A man of other fashion I'le become ;
Some better travels for my soul to try ,
Not as before, in armour on my Steed ;
But in a Gown of gray, a Palmers weed.

Obscure my journey, for I'le take no leave,
But only leave my endless love to thee :
Here is my Ring, this memory receive ,
And swear the same, to make thee think on me .
Let me have thine, which for thy sake He keep ,
Till death close up these eyes with his dead sleep.

When this was spoke, how she did wring her hands,
With sighs and tears, may be well deemed much ;
Yet wondrous meekly, nothing countermands ;
For the devotion of that age was such ,
To hold them likeliest, could themselves retire
To solitude, and leave the worlds desire.

Now

A

The Famous History

Now is his Princely Clothing laid away,
Wherin he glitter'd like the glorious Sun,
And his best habit, homely Countrey-gray,
Such as the poor plain people term home-spun.
A Staff, a Scrip, a Scollop-shel in's hat,
Not to be known, nor once admired at.

And thus with pensive heart, and doleful tears,
He leave the fairest Creature *England* had ;
Who in her Face a Map of sorrow wears,
A countenance compos'd all mournful, sad,
Like unto one had banish'd all delighr,
Wishing for slumbers of eternal night.

Ghy journeys towards the sanctified Ground,
Whereas sometimes the *Jews* fair City stood,
In which our Saviours Sacred Head was crown'd,
And where for sinful men he shed his blood ;
To see the Sepulchre was his intent,
The Tomb that *Joseph* unto *Jesus* lent.

With tedious miles he tir'd his weary feet,
And pass'd Desart places full of danger.
At last with a most woful Wight did meet
A man that unto sorrow was no stranger :
For he had fifteen Sons made captive all
To slavish bondage in extreamt Thrall.

A

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

A Giant called *Amarant* detain'd them,

Whom no man durst encounter for his strength:

Who in ~~Cattle~~, which he held, had chain'd them,

Guy question'd where; and understands at length

The place not far; lend me thy sword (quoth he)

I'le lend my man-hood all thy Sons to free.

With that he goes, and lays upon the door,

Like him that says, I must and will come in :

The Giant never was so rouz'd before,

For no such knocking at his gate had been;

So takes his Club and Keys, and cometh out,

Staring with ireful countenance about.

Sirrah (quoth he) what business hast thou here?

Art come to feast the Crows about these walls?

Didst never hear, no ransom can him clear,

That in the compas of my fury falls?

For making me to take a Porters pains,

With this same Club, I will dash out thy brains.

Sirrah (quoth *Guy*) y're quarellsom, I see,

Choler and you seem very near of kin;

Dangerous at the Club belike you be,

I have been better arm'd, though now go thin.

But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy sprite,

Here is the weapon that must do me right.

The Famous History



*A Giant called Amarant,
Guy valiantly destroyes;
Whereby wrang'd Ladies, captive Knights,
Their liberty enjoys.*

So

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

So draws his Sword, salutes him with the same,
About the head, the shoulders, and the side ,
While his erected Club did death proclaim,
Standing with huge *Colossus* spacious stride :
Putting forth vigour to his knotty beam ,
That like a furnace he did smoak extream.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vain,
For *Guy* was nimble to avoid them still :
And ever e're he heav'd his Club again ,
Did brush his plated Coat against his will :
At such advantage he would never fail
To bang him soundly in his shirt of Mail.

At length through thirst *Amarant* feeble grew ,
And said to *Guy*, as th' art of humane race ,
Shew it in this, Give natures wants their dues ,
Let me but go and drink in yonder place :
Thou canst not yield unto a smaller thing ,
Than to grant life that's given by the Spring .

I grant thee leave (quoth *Guy*) go drink thy last ,
To pledge the Dragon, and the Savage Boar :
Succeed the Tragedies which they have past ,
But never think to drink cold water more ,
Drink deep to death, and after that Carouse ,
Bid him receive thee in his earthen howse .

The Famous History

So to the spring he goes, and slakes his thirst,
Taking the water in extreamly like
A wracked Ship, that on some Rock is burst,
When forced bulk against the stones doth strikes,
Scooping it in so fast with both his hands,
That *Guy* admiring to behold it stands.

Come on (quoth he) let us to work again,
Thou art about thy Liquor over-long,
The Fish that in the River do remain,
Will want thereby thy drinking doth them wrong;
But I will see their satisfaction made,
With Giants blood, they must and shall be paid.

Villain (quoth *Amarant*) I'lle crush thee straight,
Thy life shall pay thy daring tongues offence;
This Club (which is about some hundred weight.)
Is Deaths Commission to dispatch thee hence,
Dress thee for Ravens diet I must needs,
And break thy bones, as they were made of reeds.

Incensed much by these bold Pagans boasts,
Which worthy *Guy* could ill endure to hear:
He hew^s upon those big supporting posts,
That like two pillars did the body bear;
Amarant (for them wounds) in choler grows,
And desp'ratly at *Guy* his Club he throws.

Which

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Which did directly on his body light,
So violent, and weighty therewithall,
That down to ground on sudden came the Knight,
And ere he could recover from the fall,
The Giant got the Club again in's fist,
And struck a stroke that wonderfully mist.

Traytor (quoth Guy) thy falsehood I'll repay,
This Coward-act, to intercept my blood;
Says Amarant, Ple murther any way,
With enemies all vantages are good;
Oh ! could I poison in thy nostrils blow,
Thou shouldest be sure, I would dispatch thee so.

'Tis well (said Guy) thy honest thoughts appear,
Within that beastly bulk do Devils dwell,
Whiche are thy Tenants while thou livelst here,
But will be Landlords when thou com'st in hell:
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their den;
Inhumane Monster, hateful unto men.

But breathe thy self a time, while I go drink,
For flaming Thabas With his fiery eye,
Torments me so with burning heat, I think
My thirst would serve to drink an Ocean dry;
Forbeared little, as I dealt with thee.
Quoth Amarant, thou hast no fool of me.

-19-

No

The Famans History

No, silly wretch, my Father taught more wit,
How I shood use such enemies as thou :
By all my gods I do rejoice at it,
To understand that thirst constrains thee now :
For all the treasure that the world contains,
One drop of water shall not cool thy veins.

Relieve my Foe ? 'twere a mad mans part,
Refresh an adversary to my wrong ?
If thou imagine this, a child thou art :
No fellow, I have known the world too long,
To be so simple, now I know thy want,
A minutes space of breathing I'le not grant.

And with these words, heaving aloft his Club
Into the air, he swings the same about :
Then shakes his locks, and doth his temples rub,
And like the Cyclops in his pride did strout.
Sirrah (said he) I have you at a lift,
You now are come unto your latest shift.

Perish for ever, with this stroak I send thee,
(A medicine will do thy thirst much good)
Take thou no care for drink before I end thee,
And then wee'l have carouses of thy blood :
Here's at thee with a Butchers down-right blow,
To please my fury with thine overthrow.

Infer-

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Infernal, false, obdurate Fiend (*Guy* said)
That seem'st an Imp of cruelty from Hell :
Ingrateful Monster, since thou hast deny'd
The thing to me whereof I used thee well :
With more revenge then e're my sword did make,
On thy accuised head revenge I'll take.

Thy Gyants longitude shall shorter shrink,
Except thy Sun-scorcht-skin be weapon-proof;
Farewell my thirst, I do disdain to drink ;
Streams, keep your water to your own behoof :
Or let wild Beasts be welcom thereunto,
With these pearl-drops I will not have to do.

Hold Tyrant, take a taste of my good will;
For thus I do begin my bloody bout :
You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,
It is not that same Club will bear you out ;
And take this payment on thy flagged crown,
A blow, that brought him with a vengeance down.

Then *Guy* set foot upon the Monsters brest,
And from his shoulders did his head divide ;
Which with a yawning mouth did gape, unblest,
No Dragons jaws were ever seen more wide
To open and to shut, till life was spent ;
So *Guy* took's keys, and to the Castle went.

Where

The Flamon's History

Where many woful captives he did find,
That had been tryed with extremities ;
Whom he in friendly manner did unbind,
And reason'd with them of their miseries :
Each told a tale with tears, and sighs, and cries,
All weeping to him with complaining-eyes.

There tender Ladies in dark Dungeon lay,
That were surprized in the desart Wood ;
And had no other diet every day,
Then flesh of humane creatures for their food ;
Some with their Lovers bodies had been fed,
And in their wombs their Husbands buried.

Now he bethinks him of his coming there,
To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes ;
And as he searched, doth great clamours hear ;
By which sad sounds direction, on he goes,
Until he finds a darksome obscure Gate,
Arm'd strongly over all with iron plate.

That he unlocks, and enters, where appears
The strangest object that he ever saw ;
Men, that with famishment of many years,
Were like deaths-picture, which the Painters draw :
Divers of them were hanged by each thumb,
Others head downward, by the middle some.
With

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

With diligence he takes them from the walls,
With Liberty their thraldom to acquaint:
Then the perplexed Knight, their Father, calls,
And says, Receive thy sons, though poor and faint;
I promis'd you their lives, accept of that,
But did not warrant you they should be fat.

The Castle I do give thee, here's the keys,
Where Tyrannie for many years did dwell,
Procure the gentle tender Ladie's ease,
For pity sake, use wronged women well;
Men eas'ly may revenge the deeds men do,
But poor weak women have no strength thereto.

The good old man, even over-joy'd with this,
Fell on the ground, and would have kist Guy's feet:
Father (quoth he) refrain so base a kis;
For age to honour youth, I hold unmeet;
Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,
I go to mortifie a sinful man.

No worldy joy can give thy mind content
Delights the base, as riches profit lesser people
Hee only canst be pow'ry to rule
Hie leauing Yorke, and thence going
North into Scotland, where hee
The paticuler come to come, whiche the detht pollid
Hi

The Famous History

Say on his journey doth proceed,

With painful Purgation life,

Whilst Warwick Countess lives in tears,

A chaste and loyal Wife.

CANTO XI.

BEhold the man that sought contentions out,
Whose recreation was in angry arms ;
And for his *Venus* rang'd the world about,
To find out dreadful combats, fierce alarms.
From former disposition alienate,
Shuns all occasion may procure debate.

In his own wrongs by vow he will not strike,
Let injury impole what strife can do,
Abuses shall not force him to dislike,
For he hath now fram'd Nature thereunto ;
And taken patience by the hand for's guide,
To lead his thoughts where meekness doth abide.

No worldly joy can give his mind content;
Delights are gone, as they had never been :
His only care is, how he may repent
His spending Youth about the serving sin ;
And fashion Age to look like contrite sorrow,
That little time to come, which life doth borrow.

His

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

His looks were sad, complexion pale and wan;
His diet of the meanest, hard and spare;
His life he led like a Religious man,
His habit poor and homely, thin and bare;
His dignities and honors were forgot,
His Warwick's Earldom he regarded not.

Sometimes he would go search into a grave,
And there he finds a rotten dead man's skull;
And with the same a conference would have,
Examining each vanity at full;
And then himself would answer for the head,
His own objection in the dead man's stead.

If thou hast bin some Monarch, where's thy crown?
Or who in fear of thy stern looks do stand?
Death hath made Conquest of my great renown;
My golden Scepter, in a hasty hand,
Is taken from me by another King,
And I in dust am made a rotten thing.

Hast thou been some great Counsellor of State
Whose potent wit did rule a mighty Realm?
Where is the Policy thou hadst of late?
Consum'd and gone, even like an idle dream.
I have now so much wit and substance,
To kill the wolvish beast in my bosom lies.

The Famous History

Perhaps thou wast some beauteous Ladies face,
For whom right strange adventurs have bin wrought
Even such, as (when it was my loyng case) all
For my dear kindest Phelice I have fought:
Perhaps about this skull there was a skin
Fairer then Hellenes was enclosed in:

And on this scalp, so wormy eaten bare,
(Where nothing now but bone we may behold)
Where Natures ornaments, such locks of hair,
As might induce the eye to deem them gold
And chrystral Eyne to those two hollow eaves:
And here such lips, as love, for kissing craves:

But where's the substance of this beauty sent,
So lovely, precious in the sight of men
With powerful death, unto the dust it went,
Grew loathsome, filthy, came to nothing then.
And what a picture of it doth remain,
To tell the wise, All beauty is but vaine:

Such memories he often wold prefer,
Of mortal frailty, and the force of death
To teach the flesh how apt it is to err,
And poste repentance offall late breseth,
Thus wold he in the worlds contempt reprove
All that seduce the soul from heavenly love.

Now

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Now for a while reverse your vow of wo,
For one sad subject to behold another; allow but A
To see new sorrow back to England go; allow but A
And to long absent years commit the other. allow but A
Leave doleful Guy to aged grief and cares,
And look on Phelice, how his Lady fares.

Like to a widow, all in black attire, allow but A
She doth express her inward doleful mind: allow but A
A Chamber-prison is her chief desire, allow but A
Where she to passions wholly is enclin'd. allow but A
She that of late was pride of English Court,
With Majesty no longer will comfort.

But lives a life like one despis'd lifes being;
And every day unto the world did die.
With judgments eyes far into folly seeing,
And noting well, how fast false pleasures tie
Leaving for every taste of vain delight,
A greater heap of cares than pen can write.

Her thoughts still after her departed Lord,
And traveld in conceit more fast then he:
What place (quoth she) can rest to me afford,
That Pilgrim-like, hath thus forsaken me?
Oh sad lament! my soul your burthen bears,
To think poor Guy remembers me in tears.

Me

The Famous History

Methinks he sits now by a River side,
And swells the water with his weeping eyes;
Methinks that *Phelice, Phelice*, loud he cry'd,
And charged Echo bear it through the skies;
Then rising up, he runs with might and main,
Saying, sweet Echo, bring my Love again.

Then comes he to a Cypress Tree, and says,
Sylvanus, this was once the lovely Boy,
Whom thou for feature to the clouds didst praise,
But here's thy sensles and transformed joy;
'Tis nothing now but boughs, and leaves, and tree,
And made to wither, as all beauties be.

And then methinks he sits him sadly down,
And on his bending knees his elbow stays,
With head in hand, saying, Farwel renown,
Vanish vain pleasures of my youthful days.
My true repentance do you all displace;
A happy end brings sinful souls to grace.

A worthy man that thus canst mortifie
The Rebel flesh, to conquer *Adams* nature,
And for the gaining of Eternity,
Dost live on earth, as if an earthly creature;
Dead and alive, old and new-born again
True valiant *Guy*, that hath the devil slain;

As

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

As thy advice was when thou didst dapart,
That I should live a Vestal Virgins life ;
Although when I was Maid (by Lovers Art)
Thou didst penwade me to become a wife :
I vow by Heavens, and all the Power Divine,
To keep my thoughts as constant, chaste, as thine.

My beauty I will blemish all I may,
With tears, and sighs, and doleful lamentation ;
By abstinence I will attain the way,
To overcome the force of sins temptation :
This sentence have I often read and seen,
A womans chastity is vertues Queen.

Ceres and *Bacchus* I will careful shun,
Foes to *Diana*, friends to *Venus* ever ;
Unto licentious life they teach us run ,
And with sobriety associate never.
Spare Diet shall become my daily fare,
The soul thrives best to keep the body bare.

The Courtly ornaments I wore of late,
In honour of King *Albessons* fair Queen ;
Even all those Jewels, and those Robes of State,
Wherein so often I was glorious seen,
Shall with their price and value now supply
Those naked poor, that in the streets do lie.

The Famous History

The Gold and Silver that I do possess,
About good works shall all employed be;
The purchase of eternal happiness,
Is of all wealth most precious unto me:
All that in want to Warwick Castle come,
And crave relief, I will afford them some.

For halt, and lame, and blind, I will provide
Some Hospital, with Land to be maintain'd:
For widows, and poor fatherless beside,
That their necessities may be sustain'd;
For young Beginners their Estates to raise;
And for repairing of decay'd High-ways.

This I account to be the Heavenly thrifte,
Lay up your Treasure where it cannot rust:
And give the riches we receive by gift,
As each good Steward is enjoyn'd he must;
That after this short stinted lifes decay,
We may have life, and everlasting day.

Rejected world, thus do I take my leave
With thee, and all things thou do st most esteem:
Thy shews are snares, and all thy hopes deceive,
Thy goodness is but only good to seem:
Of thy false pleasures, I as much have seen,
As she that bears the Title of a Queen.

51T

Oh

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Oh that I were in such unknown disguise,
(Attending on my Guy where e're he be)
As once the King Sulpitia did devise,
His Lentulus in banishment to see !
Or Hypsicrata-like, in mans attire,
Following her exil'd King, through Loves desire.

'T would something ease my sorrow-wounded heart,
So to divide the burthen of unrest;
For where affliction take afflictions part,
In hard extreams some comfort is exprest.
Misery is more easie to abide,
When friends with friends, their crosses to divide.

But all in vain I wish'd, would God I were ;
Or thus, or thus, it nought avails my woe :
Though starving thoughts do wander here & there,
My poor weak body knows not where to go ;
Unto the Holy Land I heard him say,
God send me thither at my dying day.

I will about my vows, and see them paid,
To do the good that charity requires :
When grace to works of vertue does persuade,
Tis blessednes to further such desires.
And while on earth I do a sinner dwell,
I'll strive to please my God with living well.

O

In

The Famous History

In this resolve, that life she entertains,
Performing all the course she had propounded,
And such severity therein explains,
Her sex with wonder rests amaz'd, confounded,
To see so rare a beauty, rich, high-born,
Hold all worlds pleasures in contempt and scorn.

For no persuading friend that she would hear,
Which motion'd company or recreation ;
Unto their speech she would not lend an ear,
That sought to alter her determination :
But such as came, and of compassion spake,
She did relieve; for blessed Jesus sake.

Her wandering Lord, from Land to Land repairs,
To seek out places, Pilgrims do frequent :
By careful years turn'd into silver hairs,
Exceeding chang'd with grief and languishment :
(For sorrow gives a man more ancient look
Then elder time , which lesser cares have took.)

His old acquaintance in those foreign parts,
That had before most worthy actions seen,
Right bold adventures of his long deserts,
Had lost Sir Guy, as he had never been.
Those that in Armour knew his Martial face,
Did not expect him in a Friars case.

Amongst

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Amongst the rest to whom he had been known
He met Earl *Terry* banish'd to exile :
Each unto other being strangers grown ,
Through sorrow, which the fences do beguile ;
They had forgot that e're they saw each other,
Yet *Guy* was *Terry's*, *Terry Guy's* sworn brother.

Having related how their travels grew,
Ones voluntary, t'other by constraint :
In taking leave with courtesies adieu,
Oh *English* man (said *Terry* sighing faint)
I had a friend, a Countryman of thine,
Was Justice Champion to great wrongs of mine :

Tyranny to the face he durst defie,
And stamp his foot upon oppressing neck :
Tell me dear friend, hast thou not heard of *Guy*,
That had a hand to help, a sword to check ?
I have (quoth he) and knew him many years :
Guy, *Warwicks* Earl, is one of *England's* Peers.

What is thy Name? *Terry* (quoth he) I hight,
Greater by birth then fortune makes me seem.
Terry (said he) I vow to do thee right,
In what I may, my poor good-will esteem :
To human thought my nature doth agree ,
Thou lov'st my friend, I must of force love thee.

The Famous History

Direft me to the man exil'd thee thus,
I'le take thy part as far as strength extends;
If Guy himself were here to join with us,
He could but say, I'le venture life and friends,
And be assured, though I simple be,
I oft have had as good success as he.

Terry with loving thanks his love requites,
And brings him to his Foe, whom he defies,
And valiant with his adverse Champion fights,
Till mortal wounded at his feet he dies;
Yet 'twas a man suppos'd of matchless worth,
That for that Combate they had singled forth.

When this was done, the Earl demands his name:
Pardon (quoth he) that were against a vow,
To no man living I'le reveal the same,
For I have changed name and nature now,
Natures corruption I do strive to leave,
A new regeneration to receive.

Farwel my friend, even as my soul would fare,
If we ne're meet on earth, Heaven be the place,
For idle hours, I have no time to spare,
My hairs look gray, -they turn to white apaces;
I have great loss in short time to redeem,
A minutes sorrow is of much esteem.

So

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

So he departs towards *Judea* ground,
Samaria and *Galilee*, to see,
Those parts where Christian Pilgrims so renown'd
Because their Saviours choice was there to be ;
Where he did suffer to redeem our los's ;
Even from the Cratch, unto the bloody Cross.

Much time he spends, and many years bestows,
From place to place about this Holy Land :
That all his friends in *England* do suppose,
Now death of him hath got the upper hand ;
For no report came, that e're could relate
His life, his being, or his present state.

This put the World to silence, men were mute,
Concerning *Guy*, they knew not what to say.
The dreadful Champion in the armed suit,
Was never knowne nor fear'd in simple gray,
But did endeavour all that e're he might,
Never to be reveal'd to any wight.

For unto none he would his name disclose,
Nor tell direct what Country-man he was,
Nor of his noble mind make any shovv's,
But strive in all things most obscure to pass ;
Until by Native love his mind ywas led,
To come and lay his bones ywhere he vvas bred.

The Famous History

Guy after many years come home,
To England for his Grave.
Kills Cobras the great Giant, and
Dies poorly in a Cave.

CANTO XI

Even as the brightest glorious shining-day,
Will have a night of darkness to succeed;
Which takes the pride of Phœbus quite away,
And makes the Earth to moan in sable weed:
Presenting us with drowsie heavy sleep,
Death's memory in careful thoughts to keep.

So youth the day of Natures strength and beauty,
Which had a splendor like fair Heavens eye,
Must yield to age by a submissive duty,
And grow so dark, that life or force must dye,
When length of years brings ancient evening on,
Irrevoçable time is posting gone.

This cogitation in Guy's brest appears,
By his returning from the Holy Land:
He finds himself to be a man in years,
And that his Glass had but a little sand
To run, before his date of life expire,
Therefore to England he doth back retire.

There

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

There to be buried where he had been born,
Was all the cause that did entice him back;
To end his evening where he had his morn,
In doleful colours of a dead mans back,
And let that body rest in English ground, (found.
Which through the world no resting-place had

When he arrived on his native shore,
He found his Country in extream distress;
For through the Kingdom armed troops great store,
Against the Foe was all in readines;
The King of Denmark, whose destroying hand,
A mighty Army did securely land;

And marched from the Coast with devastation,
Destroying Towns, Villages set on fire;
Working such terror unto all the Nation,
King Athelstone was forced to retire
To Winchester; which when the Danes once knew,
Towards that City all their strength they drew.

Which was too strong for Spear and Shield to win,
(Invincible our walls of stone were then)
They wanted Canon-keys to let them in.
Hells pick-lock powder was unknown to men;
The Devil had not taught such murkering smoke;
A Soldiers honour was in manly stroke.

Pe-

The Famous History

Beholding now how they repulsed were,
That *Winchester* by no means would be won:
They do conclude to summon parley there,
And with a challenge have all quarrels done;
An *English* man to combate with a *Dane*,
And that King lose, that had his Champion slain.

Wherevith a huge great Giant doth appear,
Demanding vwhere the *Foxes* all vvere crept;
Saying, if one dare come and meet me here,
That hath true valour for his Countrey kept,
Let him come forth, his man-hood to disclose,
Or else the *English* are but covvard foes.

Why very Cravens on their Dunghils dare
Both crovv and strike, before they run and cry;
Is *English* courage nowv become so rare,
That none vvill fight, because they fear to dye?
That I pronounce you all faint-hearted fools,
Afraid to look on manly Martial-tools.

What slanders I have heard in foreign Lands,
Of those poor men for deeds vwhich they have done,
Most false they are belyed of their hands;
But he say's true, that says their feet can run;
They have a Proverb to instruct them in,
That tis good sleeping in a sound wbole skin.

Thus

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Thus did he vaunt in terms of present strife,
And threw his Gauntlet down, saying, There's my
At length great Guy no longer could refrain, (glove.
Seeing all strain courtesie t' express their love;
But comes unto the King, and says, Dread Lord!
This Combate to thy unknown Knight afford.

Although in simple habit I am hid,
Yeilding no shew of that I undertake,
I ne're attempted ought but what I did;
An end of Colbrond (on my soul) I'le make.
Palmer (quoth Athelstone) I like thy sprite,
God send thee thither, and He aid thee right.

His Powerful Hand lend vigor to thy blows,
And grant thy foot upon thy Foe may tread;
Amen (quoth Guy) and with great courage goes
Forth Winchesters North-Gate unto Hide-Mead;
Where that same Monster of a man he found,
Treading at every step two yards of ground.

Art thou the man (quoth Colbrond) art thou he
On whom the King will venture Englands Crown?
Can he not find a fitter match for me,
Than this poor Rascal in a thred-bare Gown?
Where's all his Knights & worthy Champions now?
I do disdain so base a Slave as thou.

P

Guy

The Famous History



*Guy fights to free all Englands fears,
With Colbrond Giant Dane :
And in Hide-Mead at Winchester,
Was that Goliath slain.*

Giant,

Of Guy, Earl of Warwick.

Giant, said Guy, Man-hood shall never rail,
To breath the air with blasts of idle wind,
A Soldiers weapon best can tell his tale,
Thy destiny upon my sword I find;
'T wil let thee blood, while thou hast drops to bleed,
And spell thy death for all the Danes to read.

Thus I begin, and on his armour laid,
That Colbrands Coat was never cudgel'd so,
Who with his Club did watch to meet his blade,
Intending to have brok'n it with a blow:
But Guy was sure his sword would hold out play,
It had been trusted many a cruel fray.

And therefore boldly he presumes thereon,
Laying about as fast as he could strive,
Until the Lubbers breath was almost gone,
(For with a weighty Club did Colbrond strive)
Which lighting on the ground made earth give way
As if some devil did about him lay.

So long they held this stern and ireful fight,
That the beholders knew not what to deem:
Yet still some wounds to Colbrons share did light,
Which to the English did great comfort seem.
Besides, their Champion gave encouragement,
By active carriage, danger to prevent.

bna

P 2

Quoth

The Famous History

Quoth Colbrond, English man, wilt thou forbear,
And sue for mercy, let the fight alone?
Villain (quoth Guy) I scorn thy Coward-feat,
I'le have thy life, or it shall cost mine own:
We'l never part till one be soundly sped,
The King hath ventur'd England on my head.

For twenty Denmarks (if they might be found)
And all the wealth that on the Ocean swims,
I will not yield an inch of English ground;
Thou shalt find mettal in these aged limbs:
Although thy bodies height be more then mine,
I have a heart bigger by odds then thine.

Think on thy ancient Grandsire, Gogmagog,
Whom Corineus dealt withal at Dover;
How that same Lubber, like a Timber-log,
Was by the worthy Britain tumbled over:
For his bold challenge, he had such a check,
There was no Surgeon could amend his neck.

Thou art deceiv'd in me, poor silly Sot,
I am untaught to bend submissions knees,
Hold me no Christian, if I fail a jot.
(And for the world that title I'le not leese)
Betake thee to thy Tools, honour thy King,
Upon thy man-hood lies a mighty thing.

And

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And thus I do encounter thee afresh,
With that he lent him such a powerful stroke,
It made wide ruptures in the Giants flesh,
And did his furious choler much provoke;
Laying about him in most cruel rage,
Till the next wound did all his heat asswage.

It was so mortal that it brought him down,
To lie and groan upon the bloody ground :
Forthwith a shout was heard from out the Town,
That all the skie did echo to the sound ;
Great joy was made by every English heart,
And all the Danes with extream grief depart.

King Athelstone sent for his Champion then,
To do him honour for his famous deed :
Who was received by the Clergy-men
With all solemnity, for such high meed :
Emraced by the Nobles, and renown'd
With Martial musick, Drum, and Trumpets sound.

But little pleasure Guy conceives herein,
Refusing Jewels, costly Ornaments,
Saying, with these he out of love had been
For many years, by true experiments :
Only thanks God, that blest him with an hour ,
To free his Countrey from invading power.

And

The Famous History

And so intreats that he may pass unknown,
To live where poverty regards not wealth ;
And be beholding to the help of none,
Seeing the world but now and then by stealth :
For true content doth such a Treasure bring,
It makes the Beggar richer than the King.

With true content (saith he) I will abide,
In homely Cottage, free from all resort :
But I have found, content cannot be spy'd,
To make abode within a Monarchs Court :
No, there's ambition, pride, and envy seen,
And fawning flatt'ry stepping still between.

Yet gentle Palmer (said the King) agree,
Wherever thou resolvest to remain :
Acquaint thy name in private unto me,
And this is all thy Sovereign will obtain :
Tell me but who thou art, I will conceal it,
As I am *Englands King*, I'le not reveal it.

Why then (quoth he) your Grace shall understand,
I am your Subject, *Guy of Warwick* named ;
That have these many years not seen your Land ;
But been where youth by ancient age is tamed :
Yet where experience taught me wit, dread Prince,
The world of many follies to convince.

book

And

Of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And now am come to bring my bones to grave,
Within the Kingdom where I first took life :
Yet shall no creature else the notice have
Of my arrival, not my dearest Wife,
Till sicknes come, and doth my death foretel,
Then I'le acquaint her with my last farwel.

The King with joy embrac'd him in his arms,
And with great admiration answers thus;
Most worthy Earl, freer of *Englands* harms,
It grieves my soul thou wilt not live with us :
Oh were thy resolutions, thoughts but now,
That my persuasions might prevent thy vow.

But 'tis too late, they are grown ripe, I see
Thou art too settled in determination ;
Well, Honourable man, yet this joys me,
Thou bring'st thy bones unto thy dearest Nations,
Where Monuments of thy great deeds shall last,
Till after-ages of the world be past.

In *Warwick* Castle shall thy Sword be kept,
To witness to the world what thou hast been :
And least forgetful time should intercept,
A President, I present will begin ;
The Castle-keeper shall receive a Fee,
To keep thy Sword in memory of thee.

They

The Famous History

Thy Armour likewise, and thy Martial Spear,
That did the service in thy high designs,
Shall be preserved very careful there,
That all such men as have distrustful minds,
May think (if from a truth it did not grow)
A King would scorn to cozen people so.

And in thy Chappel (distant thence a mile)
A bone shall hang of that same cruel beast,
Which near to Coventry remain'd long while,
Whose rib by measure is six foot at least :
Destroying many that did pass that way,
Until thy man-hood did the savage slay.

That by tradition, men may speak and tell,
This was Guy's Armour, this his massie blade; (quel,
These bones of murdering beasts which men did
And this the Tomb wherein his Corps were laid;
This the true Picture of his shape at length,
And this the Spear did oft express his strength.

For sure I hold it an ungrateful thing,
(When thou by Natures course in dust shall lie)
No memory shall cause some Musc to sing
The worthiness of matchless English Guy :
Thy Countrey-men would prove too far unkind,
When out of sight, they leave thee out of mind.
This

¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

This said, in humble duty (wondrous meek)
Guy reverenceth the King, and so departs,
Some solitary Den, or Cave to seek,
Which he unto his Mansion-house converts :
And so lives poorly in the hollow ground,
Making his meat of herbs and roots he found.

Sometimes he would to *Warwick* Castle go,
And crave an alms at his dear Ladies hand :
Who unto Pilgrims did more bounty shew,
Than any Noble-woman in the Land,
And she would ask all Palmers that came there,
If at the Holy Land they never were.

Or in their travels, if they had not seen
An Englishman was Lord of that same Tower ?
Who many years away from hence had been,
A Knight ne're conquer'd yet by humane Power.
But there's a Tyrant, whom I onely fear,
They call him Death, that murthers every where.

If he have met him (O my dearest Lord)
I never shall behold thy face again,
Till that same Monster do as much afford
Unto my heart , and so release all pain,
Which gracious Heaven grant , if *Guy* be dead,
Upon the earth let me no longer tread.

2

Thus



The Famous History

Thus did he often hear his wife enquire, (ing;
With deep complaints from extream passions flow-
Yet by no means would grant her kind desire
The comfort of a hopefull word bellowing;
But look upon her as his heart would break,
Then turn away for fear his tongue should speak,

And so departs with weeping to his Cell,
Setting a dead mans head before his eyes:
Saying, with thee I shortly come to dwell,
This sinfull flesh I constantly despise,
My soul is weary of so bad a guest,
And doth desire to be at home in rest.

My feeble limbs weakness doth sore possess,
And sicknes gripe do touch about my heart;
I feel I am not far from happiness,
But am in hope my Foe and I shall part;
This adversary which I long have fed,
By whom my soul hath been so much mis-led.

To my dear Phelice I will send my Ring,
Which I did promise for her sake to keep :
I may no longer time defer the thing,
For fear that death prevent me with his sleep ;
I feel his messenger approach apace,
And poor weak Nature must of force give place.

So

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

So call'd a Herds-man as he passed by,
And said, Good friend, do me a special favour,
Even in a matter that concerns me nigh,
(My hope relies upon thy kind behaviour.)
To Warwick Castle speedily repair,
And for the Countess ask with trusty care.

Deliver thou this Ring to her own hand,
And say, the ancient Pilgrim sent the same,
That lately at her Gate with Scrip did stand,
To beg an alms in blessed Jesus Name.
And if she ask thee where I do remain,
Dire&t her hither , she'll requite thy pain.

Sir (quoth the Heards-man) I shall be ashamed,
That ne're durst speak to Lady in my life :
Nay more, and't please you, I may much be blam'd,
To carry Rings to such a great mans wife.
Besides, if I should lose it by the way,
Why what would you and Madam Phelice say ?

Prethee (said Guy) frame not such i dle doubt,
No prejudice can light on thee at all ;
The act is honest which thou go'st about,
And for it none can thee in question call.
A courteous ear the Lady will thee lend,
Upon my warrant, fear you nothing friend.

The Famous History

With that he goes, and mannerly betakes
The token to the Countess; which she seeing,
Most admirable wonder at it makes,
Ah friend (quoth she) where is my Husband's being?
Husband (said he) that news I do not bring,
From an old Begger I receiv'd the Ring.

His h. use was made of neither wood nor stone,
But under ground into a hole he went :
And in my conscience there he dwels alone,
And never pays his Landlord quarter rent.
Ah 'tis my Guy, she laid, shew me his Cell,
And for thy pains I will reward thee well.

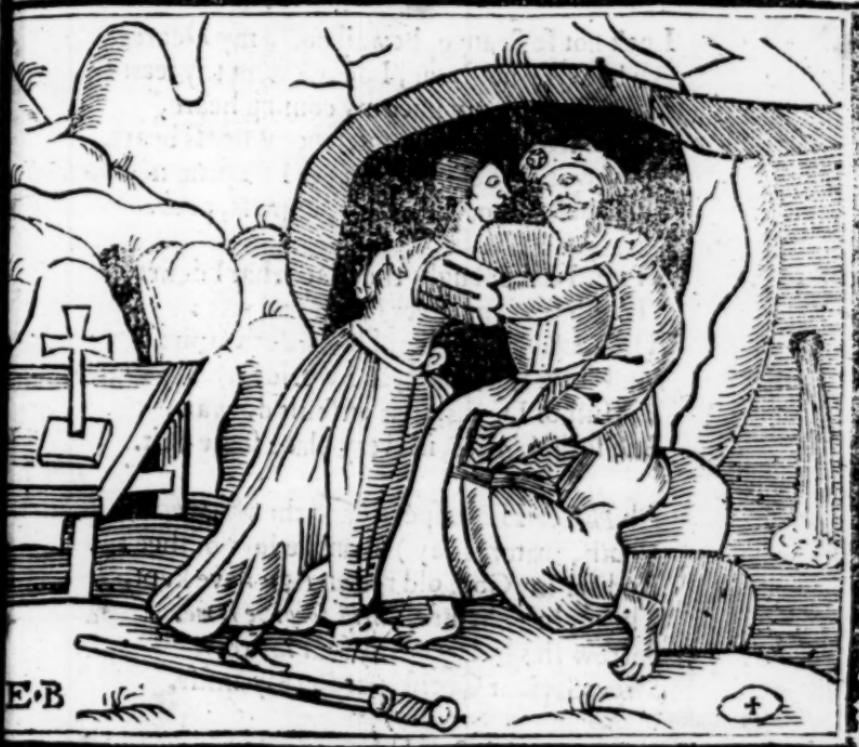
So he directs *Warwicks* fair Countess thither,
Who entring in that melancholy place,
Her Lord and she imbracing, weep together,
Unable to pronounce a word long space.
Long time they two had not a word to speak,
Till *Gay*'s discretion Sorrows door did break.

Phelice, quoth he, now take thy leave of *Gay*,
That sent to see thee e're his sight decay :
Within thy arms I do intreat to die,
And breathe my spirit from thy sweet soul away.
Thou gav'st me alms at *Warwick Castle* late :
'Tis blessedness to pity poor mens state.

Gay



of Guy Earl of Warwick.



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+

Guy is repentence poorly I've,
I b'surely in a Care :
Reveal'd to Phelice by a Ring,
when death had digg'd his grave.
Look.



The Famous History

Look not so strange, bewail not so my Deare;
Ah ! weep not Love, I do not want thy tears :
I have shed plenty since my coming heare,
Of true Remorse, my conscience witnes bears,
Thou weep'it not now because I wept no more,
But to behold me friendless, hapless, poor.

Wife, I have sought the place that I desire,
Though few endeavor for eternal rest :
The soul which to that Haven doth aspire,
Must leave the world, and worldly things detest :
Tis full of Devils, that on souls do wait,
And full of mates, in every place some bait.

Ah Phelice I have spent (and then he wept)
Youth, (natures day) upon the love of thee :
And for my God, old rotten Age have kept,
The night of nature, Christ forgive it me.
Sorrow lies heavy on my soul for this,
Sweet Saviour Christ, pardon my amiss.

In that I had destroy'd so many men,
Even for one Woman to enjoy thy love :
Therefore in this most solitary Den
I sought my peace with that great God above,
Gainst whom by sin I have been more mis-led.
Than there be hairs upon my hoary head.

The

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

The other day, seeing my Body ill,
And all the parts thereof opprest with pain,
I did Compose a Testament and Will,
To be the last that ever I ordain.

Lo here it is, I'le read it if I can,
Before I cease to be a living man.

HIS WILL.

*E*ven in the name of him, whose mighty power
Created all in Heaven and Earth contained,
As one to dye this very instant hour,
I leave the world, and all therein, un-signed,
My Soul I give to him that gave it me;
Receive it Jesus, as I trust in thee.

I owe a debt of Life is due to Death,
And when it's paid him, he can ask no more,
A very vapour of a little breath;
Would he had had it many years before:
But here's my comfort, if he come or stay,
'Tis ready for him (if he will) to day.

I owe the world a stock of wealth is lent,
When I did enter traffique with the same:
Lesse would have given Nature more content,
'Tis happiness to want a rich man's name.
World, leave me naked, as I did begin;
I ask but one poor sheet to wrap me in.

I do bequeath more sins than I can number,
My deadly evils in a countless sum;
Even from my cradle unto death's dead slumber,
Those past, these present, all that are to come,
To him that made them, loads to burthen me;
Satan, receive them, for they came from thee.

I give good thoughts, and every virtuous deed,
That every grace hath guided me unto,
To him from whom all goodness doth proceed,
For only evil, Nature caught me so:
I was conceived, bred, and born in sin,
And all my life most vile, and vain hath bin.

I give

The Famous History of Guy, &c.

HIS WILL.

I give to Sonora all my sighs and cryes,
Fetcht from the bottom of a bleeding heart :
I give Repentance tears and watry eyes,
The sighes unfeigned of a true Converte.
Earth yield a grave, or Sea stowme a tombe,
Jesus unto my Soul grant Heaven room.

Phelice I faint, farewell true legal wife,
Assist me with thy prayres, thy Husband dies.
I trust to meet thee in a better life,
These tears shall be wip'd from weeping eyas:
Come blessed Spiri, come in Jesus name,
Recive my Soul, to him convey the same.

And with these words his quiet Spirit departs,
While mou'f'full Phelice weighe dead with woe,
Her Sens is all go forrowes us converts,
And too abundant doth her tears flow,
Beating her brest, till breast and heart be sore,
Wringing her bands till she could st. ioe no more.

Th. n. fighting said, Ah Death ! my sorrows can't
Thou hast depriv'd me of my dearest Lord !
Since loathsome air my mortal spirit drawes,
This favour for thy tyranny afford,
Do me a good to recampece thyself,
And st. ike the shote shal all my care currell.

Let me not live to see tomorrow's day,
But make me cold, b'ordess, pale and wan,
As this dead Charkis doth appear in sight,
This true descriptiōn of a mortal man,
Whose deeds of wond. rish and gone before,
Hath left him now at Deaths dar' prison door.
Kissing his face, with a farewelle of teares,
She leavens the body for the grave to climes,
And from that place as sad a Soul she bears,
As ever woman that the world can name;
Living but fifteen dayes after his deach,
And then through extream sorrow yel'deth breath.

F I N. I S.

